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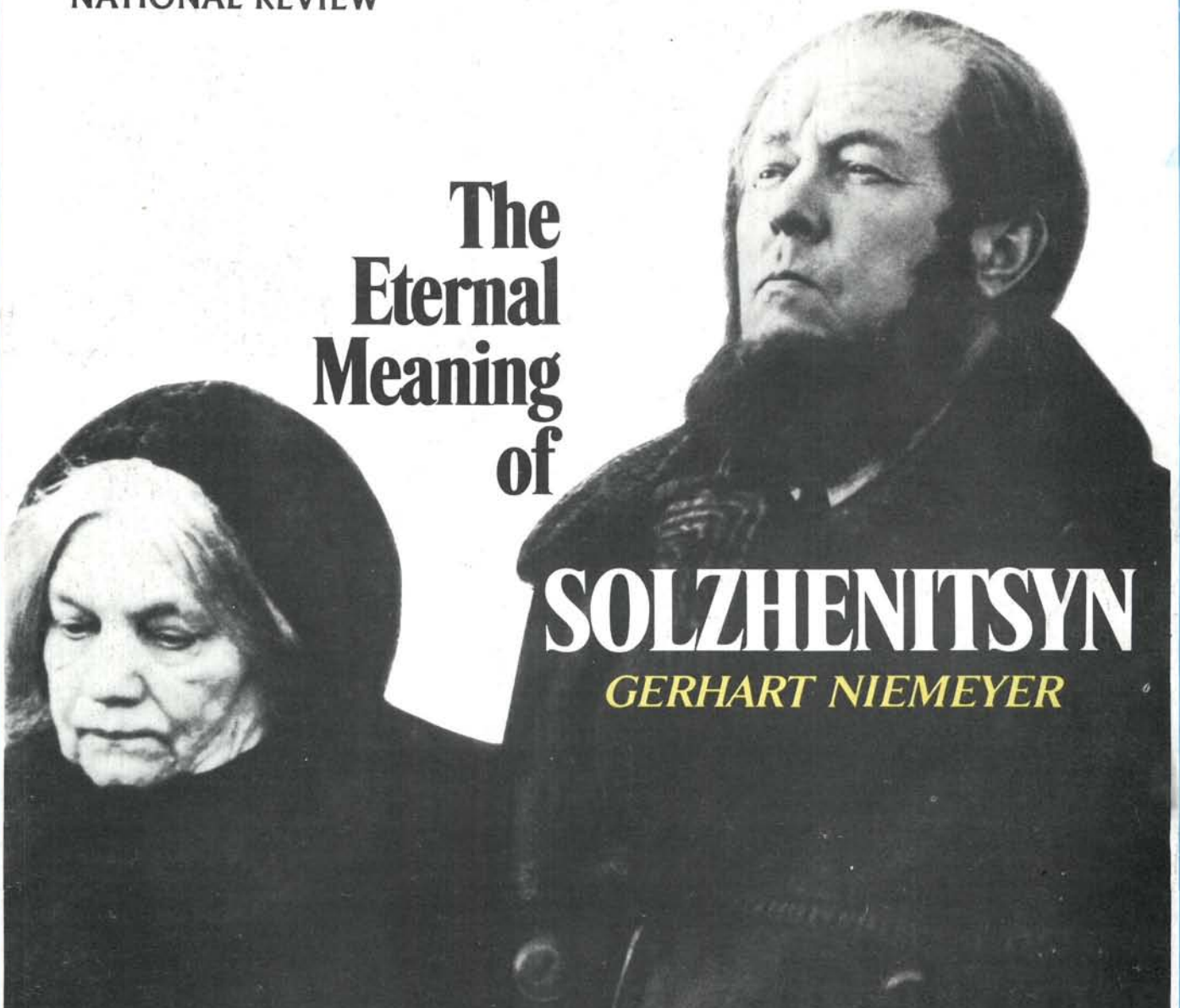

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GERHART NIEMEYER

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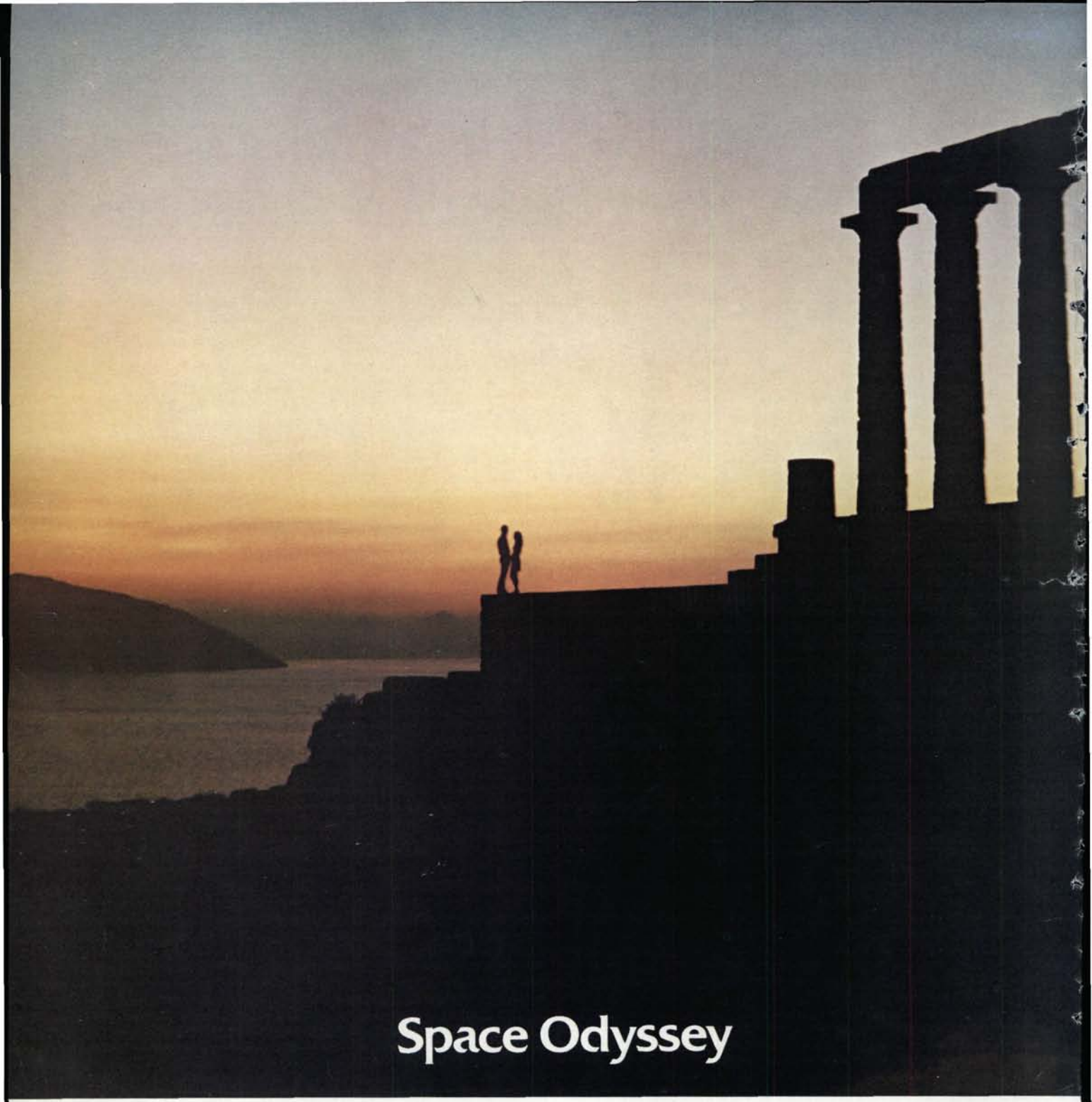

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXV No. 3 JANUARY 19, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

"For a country to have a great writer," wrote Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in *The First Circle*, ". . . is like having another government. That's why no regime has ever loved great writers, only minor ones." Just so. Professor **Gerhart Niemeyer** assesses Solzhenitsyn, not as novelist-martyr but as spiritual phenomenon, living evidence of the human possibilities the Communist state denies. . . . "Lt. **John Paul Jones**," a pseudonymous Naval Reserve officer, puts the recent shipboard racial disturbances in perspective and suggests a program to deal with them that begins, but does not end, with calling in the Marines. . . . A legal controversy in Massachusetts may, if it gets to the U.S. Supreme Court, shed new light on the question whether a fetus is a person and thus affect the continuing abortion controversy. **Richard Landau**, who has sifted the legal documents, reports. . . . The irrepressible **Ed Vazquez**, whose account of his collision with liberal education appeared in *NR*, June 1, 1971, now offers his first-hand impressions of prison conditions in Mexico; if you're headed that way, he says, make like Edith Bunker and Stifle Yourself. . . . The "permissive society" just plain isn't, argues **Sir Arnold Lunn**, in whose Edwardian youth there was about as much dalliance as nowadays and a lot more personal freedom. . . . And **Russell Kirk** up and says it: Don't wonder where to send the kids to college, wonder whether you should send them at all.

—CHS

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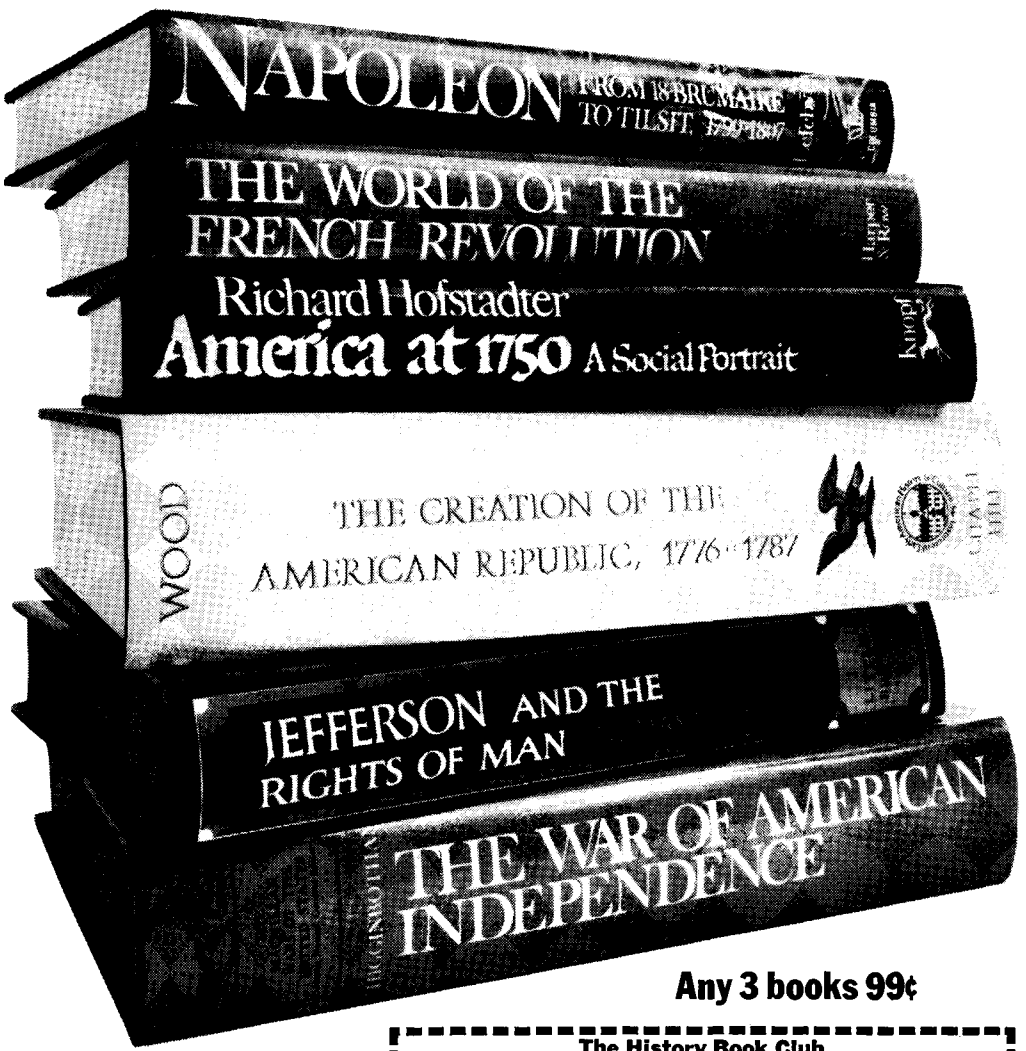
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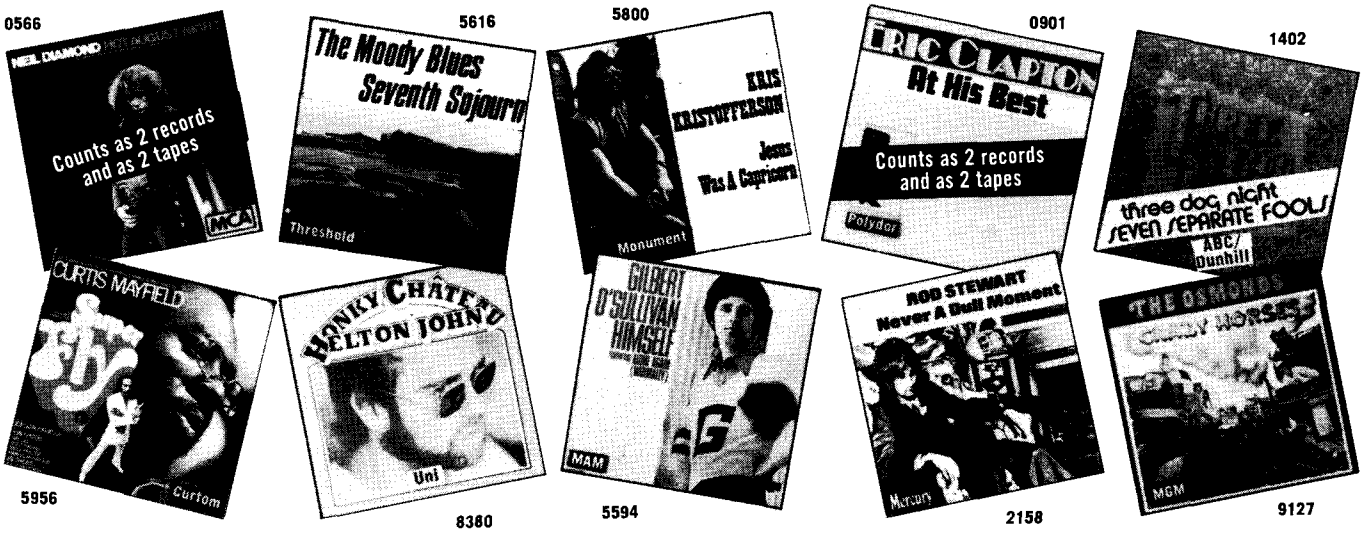

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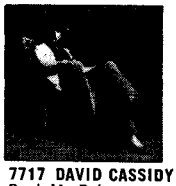

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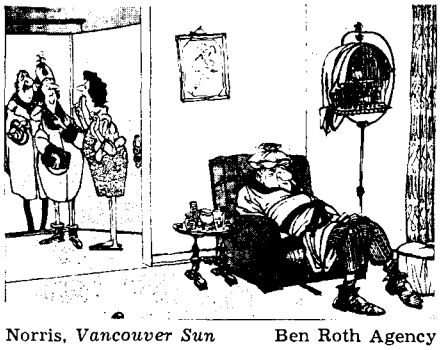
FOR THE RECORD

■ A few year-enders: **Ireland** has been proclaimed the "most prudish" nation in Europe by *Vision* Magazine, with **Sweden** the least. **Spain** and **Portugal** are next most prudish, **Denmark** next most least. . . . **Timothy Leary** was on the road—the Swiss government said he had to leave by Jan. 1. . . . The **art world** reports the price of the more popular artists was up 40 per cent in 1972 over 1970, with **Japanese** buyers doing the most to push those prices up. . . . Over 198 million **tourists** in 1972 spent between $24 and $25 billion on their travels. . . . Nearly 57,000 Americans died in **traffic accidents**, up from 56,000 in 1971 but 1.25 trillion miles were traveled, an increase of 5 per cent. . . . Harvard was in a dither: The Economics Department had refused to grant tenure to Associate Professor **Samuel Bowles**, the Marxist son of former ambassador to India and senator from Connecticut **Chester Bowles**. Said Prof. **James Duesenberry**, Chairman of the Economics Department, in defense of the move, "It's hard to find anyone [around here] who you would consider a reactionary." . . . Professor **Herbert Katzenstein** of the City College of New York, who has been doing surveys on CCNY graduates for years, reports that in the class of 1970 (the latest polled) male black graduates got better first jobs at higher initial salaries than their white counterparts. . . . The **AP** rundown of the parties of the Left and how they did in the presidential election shows: First Dr. **Benjamin Spock** of the People's Party, 78,000 votes; second **Linda Jenness** of the Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyist) 65,000; third **Louis Fisher**, Socialist Labor Party, 53,000; fourth **Gus Hall**, CPUSA, 25,000 votes. Altogether they got one-fourth as many votes as **John Schmitz** of the rightist American Party. . . . **George Bush**, in farewell appraisal of 27th General Assembly of the United Nations, said the only thing it accomplished that favored America was slicing the U.S. contribution from 31.5 to 25 per cent of the annual budget. . . . And Jan. 1, 1973, saw the retirement of conservative *Chicago Tribune* Washington correspondent and columnist **Willard Edwards**, after 51 years as an active newsman. The Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach was his twentieth national convention. (Edwards is the father of **Lee Edwards** who recently started the *Right Report*, a biweekly newsletter about goings-on on the Right.)



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"You must excuse Sidney . . . he's going through the change of year."

■ And into the new: Politicos already looking ahead. **Robert Price**, who left **Nelson Rockefeller** to mastermind **John Lindsay**'s first mayoralty campaign, has signed on with Rocky again: Could mean Nelson intends to run for a fifth term in '74, when he'll be sixty-six. . . . **Lyn Nofziger**, who managed **Ronald Reagan**'s successful gubernatorial campaign in '70, has signed up with Lt. Gov. **Ed Reinicke**, a conservative, for the '74 campaign in California. Reinicke's probable Democratic opponents, Mayor **Joseph Alioto** of San Francisco and California Sec. of State **Edmund G. Brown Jr.**, son of Richard Nixon's old opponent, former Gov. **Pat Brown**. . . . Ohio State Senator **Donald "Buz" Lukens** making noises about running for Ohio's gubernatorial mansion in '74; if so, he's expected to have hard primary fight against former Gov. **James Rhodes**. What will decide Lukens: money, the availability thereof. . . . Mayor **Roman Gribbs** of Detroit has announced eight months ahead of election that he isn't running again. That way, he says he'll finish out his first term "free from the rigors of a political campaign." . . . Interesting sidelight on first **Nixon Administration** and just how liberal/conservative it was. *Congressional Quarterly* rundown on Republicans who voted with the Administration shows that Nixon foe **Paul McCloskey**—a John Lindsay liberal—voted against Nixon only 27 per cent of the time while **John Ashbrook** (who led the conservative opposition to the President in the primaries a year ago) voted against the President 51 per cent of the time (the most of any GOP congressman).

■ **French parliament**, before adjourning, adopted a bill to ban the publication of opinion polls on voting preferences during the twenty days preceding the March 4/11 French legislative elections. . . . Ms. in France: Justice Minister **René Pleven** has ruled that any unmarried woman in France who would rather be known as Madame than Mademoiselle can do so (and so much for hinky-dinky parlez-vous). . . . A recent Swedish newspaper poll shows Premier **Olof Palme**'s Social Democratic Party at its lowest level of popularity ever.

■ **Bologna, Italy** usually ushers in the New Year by burning in effigy in a public square the figure of the old year —an old man—at midnight. This year, the Communist City Council changed all that. What went up in flames was the huge effigy of a **B-52 bomber** topped with a **Statue of Liberty**, which lady held, in her outstretched hand, a bomb.

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LETTERS

Are You Listening, GOP?

Thank you for publishing Kevin Phillips' article, "The Future of American Politics" [Dec. 22]. I can't say I *enjoyed* reading it, since it is unpleasant to be told that *NR*-style conservatism will not take over the government within the foreseeable future; but unpleasant or not, Phillips is right to lay it on the line. Besides, the sort of conservatism that he says is politically viable would still be an enormous improvement over what the government has been doing lately.

I hope the Republican Party will take his suggestions to heart.

Chicago, Ill. JULIE WILCOX

As a Republican activist attending college in Ripon, the home of the Republican Party, I can only say "amen" to Kevin Phillips' comments on the need for conservatives to hammer out a positive program. The task of formulating an ideology that can unite Old Guard Republicans and disaffected Democrats deserves much more attention than the White House is presently devoting to it.

I suggest that top priority should be given to reversing the pro-inner-cities bias that has characterized our policies since the New Deal. Because of improved transportation and communication, cities are no longer essential for bringing men and machines together. Average Americans, unlike Europeans and city planners, view the city as primarily utilitarian—not as a center of grace, style and charm for a cultural elite. According to a 1968 Gallup poll, only 18 per cent of all Americans desired to live in central cities, while 25 per cent preferred the suburbs, 29 per cent small towns, and 27 per cent the farm.

What the Nixon Administration ought to do is to redirect money now being wasted on inner-city subsidies toward developing rural and small-town America. If Phillips is right about the new centers of power, such a move would be an excellent way to start forming the new Republican majority.

Ripon, Wis. LENNY KACHINSKY

Wohin Deutschland?

Your double-barreled coverage of the situation in Germany, by Norbert Muhlen ["The Election," Dec. 22] and Henry Regnery ["The Underlying Factors"], was quite splendid. Mr. Muhlen's article included much information and explanation that was not generally available in this country (best of all, I think, was the story about the *New York Times* correspondent who tore down the CDU poster), and Mr. Regnery's analysis of Germany's malaise seemed dead on target—alas: because, if today's problems really do go back to Hitler's break with the past, nothing we might do, like toughening our position on Eastern Europe, could cure them completely.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Henry Regnery mentions "Herbert Wehner, one of the most influential men in the [Social Democratic] party, who not so

long ago was one of the strong men of the DDR . . ."

This is not true. While Wehner was once a Communist, even a member of the Central Committee of the German CP, he broke with Moscow in the midst of World War II—the Comintern had sent him on a secret mission to Sweden in 1941—several years before the DDR was set up (1949). Wehner therefore returned after the war to *West* Germany, where he actively participated in the rebuilding of the Social Democratic Party.

Mr. Regnery also states: "An encouraging sign is the success of a new monthly magazine founded last June by Willi Schlamm . . ." Schlamm is, like Wehner, a former Communist; he was one of the founders and early leaders of the Communist Youth League of Austria. The fact that Schlamm defected from Moscow several years earlier than Wehner is hardly significant.

It is, of course, entirely possible that Wehner is a "bad guy" (I hold no brief for him), but Mr. Regnery fails to give any supporting evidence. Generally, people who have broken with Communism are the most reliable anti-Communists—take, for instance, Schlamm, Whittaker Chambers and many others, both in this country and in Europe. Communists do fake conversions in order to penetrate non-Communist organizations, but this usually succeeds only on lower levels.

Washington, D.C. HENRY C. SUTTON

Bravi

D. Keith Mano's column, "The Gimlet Eye," has quickly become a source of great joy to this reader. His examination of health clubs in the November 24 issue was especially delightful.

J. MICHAEL BESTLER M.D.

Martinsville, Va.

It was good to hear from William Rusher —his delightful little piece "Imperial Vienna" [Nov. 10] ties right in with my current reading of Jon Manchip White's 1962 work on Maurice de Saxe.

One wonders if de Saxe would marvel at Mr. Rusher's last paragraph, as did I.

Beaver, Pa. MRS. DALLAS P. KERR

The Doomsayers

Wilfred Beckerman's disagreement with "The Club of Rome Report" on the basis of its assumptions and results may be accurate ["The Myth of Environmental Catastrophe," Nov. 24]. However, he can only be accurate in his *degree* of pessimism, because, certainly, some pessimism is called for.

One has only to observe conditions in one's community, state and nation to realize that air quality is less than good, waters are polluted, and the land is being stripped. That these conditions are worsening is obvious to any of us who can remember creeks, woods and fresh air from our childhood. Thus, Mr. Beckerman's implication that there is no problem currently and that continued growth under present techniques is desirable is neither reasonable nor constructive.

Whether we have twenty thousand or one thousand years before our environmental crisis becomes catastrophe really doesn't matter. We are destroying our environment, slowly or quickly, and attitudes like Mr. Beckerman's can only encourage that destruction.

The environmentalists are trying to tell us something. Their doomsday approach may be extreme but, if it gets attention and action, it is appropriate.

Lexington, Ky. WILLIAM A. PRICE

NATIONAL REVIEW has performed a valuable service in publishing "The Myth of Environmental Catastrophe." It is good that this type of critical review of the Club of Rome computer study, written in easily understood terms, should be presented in non-technical publications so that the issues can be evaluated by the

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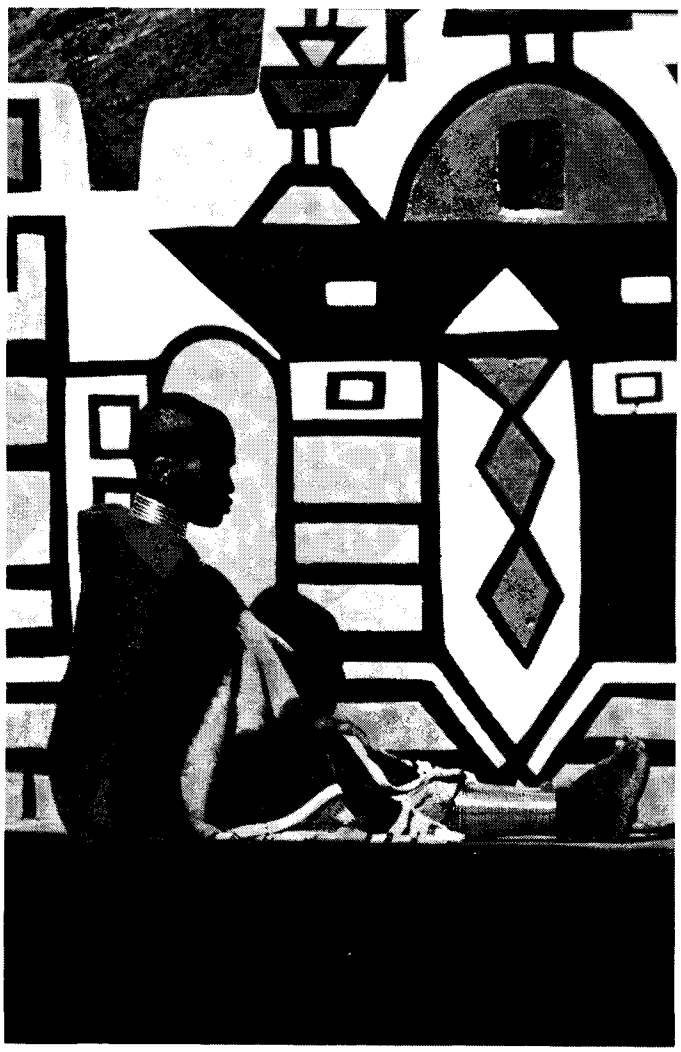

or look at our art.

The women artists of the N'deble village have created abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses with masterly precision. There's something about the broad, bold strokes and the bright, rich colors that has been an inspiration to artists like Picasso, Leger and Modigliani.

And the beadwork and blankets these women weave capture the same primitive spirit found in their paintings.

This fascinating village is just a short ride from Pretoria. And, as is the case with most South African art, you won't have to look *for* it to look *at* it. It's part of the scenery.

There are, of course, museums that contain great paintings and sculpture, but you can see the work of Coert Steynberg in public squares.

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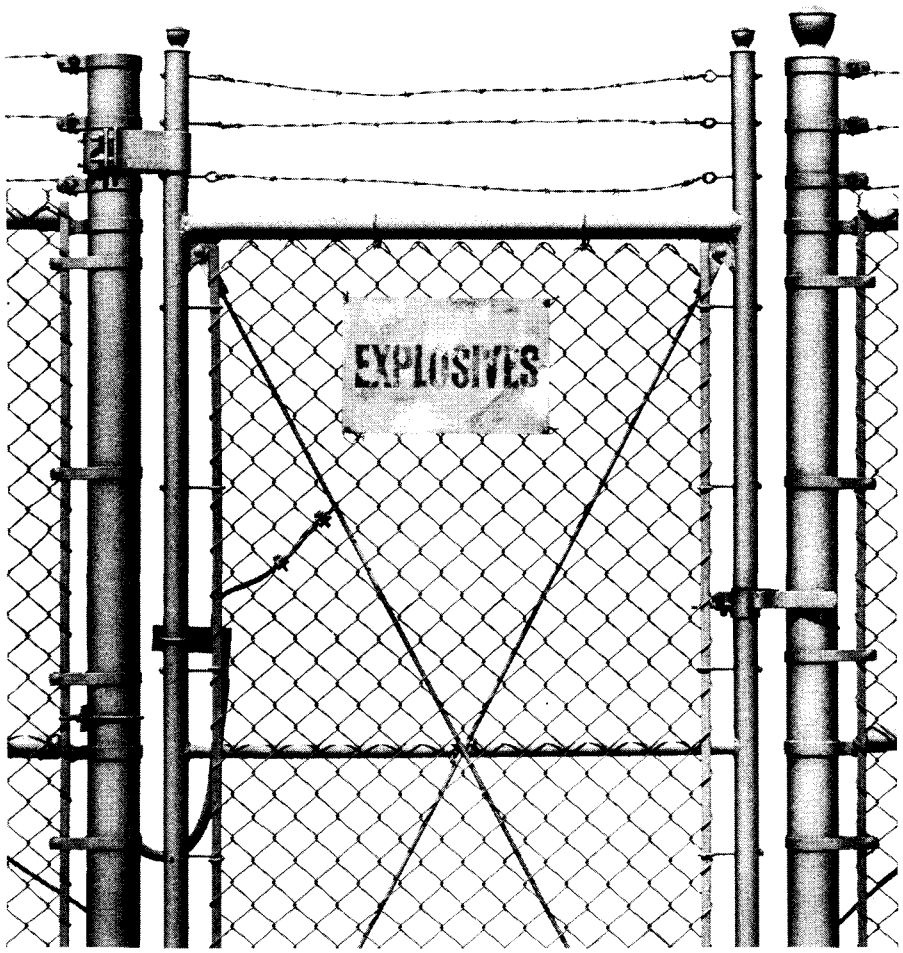

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public at large. But I should like to make a few comments about Professor Beckerman's article.

Although I do not share Professor Beckerman's opinion that the Club of Rome study is unsound, and I also do not share his degree of optimism concerning the long-term prospects of the evolving world system, I do agree with his concern about the assumptions on which the computer model is based. Unfortunately, the technical details of the WORLD 3 model are discussed very incompletely in *The Limits to Growth.* This is analogous to the situation in which a chemist reports new and perhaps controversial findings without indicating how the measurements were made. Consequently, anyone else who would like to corroborate the findings is unable to do so, and additional research cannot be undertaken by others to extend the results.

However, the technical details of the earlier WORLD 2 model are completely defined in the book *World Dynamics,* by Professor Jay W. Forrester. Rather than declaring, as Mr. Beckerman does, that because the underlying relationships in the models are invalid, the idea of computer study is invalid, I suggest that the assumptions on which the model is based should be refined and made more accurate.

This relatively new discipline of mathematical modeling and computer analysis is developing very rapidly, and the quantitative approach is finding application in virtually every area of human endeavor. For example, large corporations now routinely use mathematical models to forecast their business prospects and plan their operations. The alternative to this quantitative approach is the use of relatively primitive mental models which cannot reliably account for all the interactions in complex systems. Imagine, for example, if NASA attempted the Apollo flights using only the capability of the human mind to predict the flight path and make the necessary course corrections as the flight was in progress. In the same way, we are starting with a rough model for the evolving world system which requires refinement to improve its reliability. Certainly, the entire undertaking should not be abandoned just because the first results are controversial.

W. E. SCHIESSER
Professor of Engineering
Bethlehem, Pa. Lehigh University

Japanese Internment

William Petersen's article ["The Incarceration of the Japanese-Americans," Dec. 8] was very interesting to me, since my wife is a Sansei. I had an opportunity to question Earl Warren on the topic personally a few years ago when he was a speaker at Occidental College. At breakfast the next morning I asked him what his reflections were on his role in the concentration camps, and his reply was that they were justified in view of the situation.

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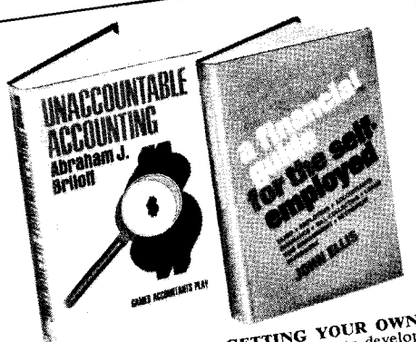

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Old liberals never repent: They're always right.

Although I would tend to downplay Mr. Petersen's emphasis on the Communist Party, and perhaps build up the role of General DeWitt's personal prejudice a bit more, I must concur on the whole. I note the interesting parallel today of liberals who would save American lives, while yellow lives in South Vietnam are considered expendable.

Portland, Ore. PATRICK DUFFY

William Petersen repeats a common misconception concerning the Japanese internment during World War II when he refers to "the inhospitable desert areas of mountain states." The Manzanar internment camp was in the Owens Valley, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The scenery has been compared, favorably, to that of Switzerland. The area is uninhabited now because the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power bought all the land to acquire the water rights, but before that the valley was filled with farms and orchards. Although undeveloped, the area is a popular, year-round vacation spot for those who like to rough it. Considering the security requirements involved in a concentration camp, it is one of the best locations America had to offer.

Granted that the Japanese evacuation of 1942 was unjust: The repeated slurs upon Owens Valley are still totally unwarranted. Many of us would live at Manzanar right now if the government would sell or lease the land.

Westend, Calif. M. D. ISELY

Israelis and Arabs

Miles Copeland's article ["Arabs and Terrorists," Sept. 29] is rather disquieting to us who reside in Israel. His statement that Israel has little to fear from the Black September Organization because "this group is not geared to attack Israel . . . only Israeli targets abroad," is meant, I would guess, to make us raise our voices in joyful song. However, Mr. Copeland will have to pardon us if we appear to be somewhat unsettled by his remarks. We consider attacks on Israeli targets abroad as serious as attacks on persons and property in Israel. By no stretch of the imagination does Israel fear the minions of Black September. However, as past events have proven, things often seem to get out of hand in this corner of the world. Thus, Israel will have to deal with these "angry young men" before other Munich-type actions are undertaken.

Tel Aviv JOEL A. ARMSTRONG

Nixon's 'Philosophy'

Anyone who does not have a totally closed mind will see upon reading "Nixon's Philosophy" ["The Week," Nov. 10] that the same fallacy runs throughout. Mr. Nixon opposes those things which it is popular to oppose. I do not maintain that this is necessarily wrong, although he frequently justifies his opposition to something by giving a partial or minor reason, if the major reason seems less socially acceptable. But it is what he says and then does not do that labels him mediocre. He will not or cannot *do* anything to remedy the problem that gave rise to the unpopular issue. Thus his "philosophy" seems to be to run with the crowd, give a good pleasant reason for it, and let the problem fester.

Chicago, Ill. S. H. SIMON

Points

Just an historical point on the Berlin Wall, which you referred to in the editorial "Eastward, Ho!" [Dec. 8]. It was August 5, 1961 when the Kennedy Administration first was confronted with the news that the East Germans would construct the Berlin Wall, not the morning after construction began. They were even told on this date when the infamous barrier would begin to take shape, eight days later, which it did. See the *Reader's Digest* of December 1961 for confirmation. The story caused a first-class flap but was never refuted.

Dubuque, Iowa KENNY HERBST

Bob Riddell, who took $133,753 from his employer in December and returned $121,000 in January, thereby becoming liable for $73,265 in taxes ["The Week," Dec. 8], can file for a refund on his return for the year in which he made restitution. He will then be responsible only for the interest on the unpaid tax, a small price to pay for being so free with someone else's money.

Bronx, N.Y. MARTIN R. KRAUSS

You Are What You Eat

W. H. von Dreele says: "It's safe to partake of bread that we bake/*Weeks* after the goodies appear. . . . It never goes bad, but what do they add?/Try reading the label. You'll faint" ["Shelf Life," Nov. 24].

His point about what they do to food nowadays is well taken; but I hope the mere use of scientific terminology on the label will not make Mr. von Dreele or anyone else faint. After all, if the same regulation applied to the food as applies to the additives, a lamb chop would have to be labeled something like this: "CONTENTS: Water; triglycerides of stearic, palmitic, oleic and linoleic acids; myosin and actin (containing glutamic acid, lysine, leucine, arginine, aspartic acid, alanine, serine, isoleucine, phenylalanine, threonine, valine, tyrosine, proline, histidine, methionine, glycine, cysteine and tryptophan in peptide linkages); glycogen, collagen, lecithin, cholesterol, phosphocreatine, carnitine, dipotassium phosphate, myoglobin and urea.

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Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

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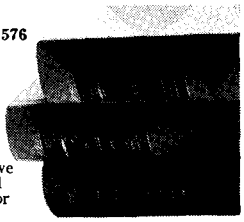

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THE WEEK

■ Making this season's pilgrimage to Hanoi were Joan Baez, Viet Vet agin War Barry Romo, a Yale Divinity School prelate (Associate Dean Michael Allen), and, slipping socially, Telford Taylor, chief U.S. prosecutor at Nuremberg and a former general. Meanwhile, back home, Ramsey Clark helped launch a $3-million fund-raising drive to rebuild a damaged Hanoi hospital. Though Clark hates war more than almost anything, the donation apparently will not depend upon a North Vietnamese promise to reorder their priorities.

■ From now on Bob Hope will be home for Christmas, and it doesn't seem like there's anybody to take his place—no offense meant, Cardinal Cooke. Hope's show was practically the same every year; the only thing different was his entourage of pretty costars, and that's the way our men overseas wanted it. Jane Fonda and Joan Baez, of course, still visit the troops but the troops are usually North Vietnamese. The two don't seem to feel at home visiting Americans. Bob Hope was very much at home.

■ Two cultures? Dissociation of sensibility? Don't be too sure. Some of the rhetoric issuing from last month's academic conventions suggests that our universities may be forging a grand cultural synthesis unmatched since the heyday of Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas and William of Occam. The American Philosophical Association, Eastern Division, denounced, with all the patient distinctions one expects of philosophers, Nixon's "brutal and inhuman war against the Vietnamese people." Dissidents at the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (including two Nobel laureates) drafted a similar denunciation, including the declaration that "our government is destroying nature." At the Modern Language Association's convention, critics Leslie Fiedler and Pauline Kael carried on in much the same vein, give or take a few decibels. Then Miss Kael offered this introspection: "I live in a rather special world. I know only one person who voted for Nixon. Where they [i.e., the Nixon-supporters] are I don't know. They're outside my ken. But sometimes when I'm in a theater I can feel them." The Absolute, He has returned.

■ Henry Fairlie of the British *Spectator* has written a book about *The Kennedy Promise: The Politics of Expectation,* excerpted in the January *Harper's.* The title suggests Fairlie's theses: that John Kennedy suffused American politics with unrealistic hope; that his "real concern" was "the exaltation of the power of the state" as the agency of implementing his dream for America; and that "the total effect of the political method of the Kennedys was to bring the political institutions of the country into disrepute by the promise to transcend them." As for the vaunted Kennedy style, Fairlie argues that it has been overrated. JFK, far from being an aesthete, was merely facile in using "the images of excellence [e.g., Frost] to adorn his Presidency, and to sustain his policies": "One can well understand how in the impoverished intellectual and cultural life of Washington it was taken to be a marvel that a politician could quote some lines of W. B. Yeats, or pronounce the name of Aristotle. There may not have been books on the New Frontier, but at least there were books of quotations." Another in the growing number of attacks on the New Frontier and the Kennedy mystique. (See "Adlai's Revenge," *NR*, Dec. 22, p. 1386.)

■ On New Year's Day, with the formal entry of Britain, Denmark and Ireland, the European Hexagon became Nonagon. Englishmen, grappling with their new decimal currency, must now steel themselves to the metric system, a value-added tax, and, over the next five years, lowering of all barriers to the entry of European goods and job-seekers. The original Six have already been feeling the thrust of the skilled British financiers moving to buy into continental banks and corporations. U.S. observers, trying to weigh the future course of the enlarged Community, hope it will make possible an expansion of both the quantity and freedom of global trade, but fear that the jealous and still ardent European nationalisms may transform the Community into little more than an autarkic tariff bloc and conglomerate of cartels, aiming, primarily, at insulating lazy European businessmen from what European intellectuals have christened *le défi américain.*

■ The first newspaper headlines sounded like something out of the *National Enquirer*: "Andes Crash Survivors Ate Dead, Police Say"; "Survivors Reportedly Defend Cannibalism"; "Public Shocked at Reports of Cannibalism after Crash in Andes." The survivors did in fact eat human flesh, but there were no Donner Party overtones. All the victims were killed by either the crash itself or by avalanche; the survivors made their decision only after they ran out of all other food (including lichen mixed with melted snow) and learned from the radio that the search for them had been called off. One of the survivors compared their action with a heart transplant, in which part of a dead person's body is removed and used to keep another alive. Several Roman Catholic theologians have found this comparison reasonable on the grounds that, even though there is a "serious obligation" to show respect for the dead, the rights of the living must take precedence when there is no alternative.

■ A spokesperson for the Zero Monetary Growth Movement says there is growing sentiment in favor of "striking" the Big Spenders from the nation's coins. "Why should we have to be reminded who stole the most by our pocket change? Why do we put FDR on the dime—

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Evidence continues to mount that the Administration is at least considering reviewing federal funding for the supersonic transport plane. Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.), mastermind of the 1971 defeat of the SST, says a number of people connected with the SST first accepted and then suddenly declined invitations to discuss the matter before a subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee, which Proxmire chairs. Among the suddenly reluctant: Secor Browne, Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, and representatives of Transportation Secretary John Volpe and Federal Aviation Administrator John Shaffer. The Boeing Company, the McDonnell Douglas Corporation and United Air Lines refused to send people to testify; Najeeb Halaby, a former president and now a director of Pan American Airways, also refused to appear. Proxmire charges that the White House, through the Office of Management and Budget, has threatened to cut the budget of the Bureau of Standards if any Bureau employee testifies unfavorably about the SST development, research or possible performance.

Proxmire's problems with the SST hearings are nothing when compared with the problems visited upon crusty Gordon Rule after he told Proxmire's committee that it was a "mistake" for the President to make Roy Ash director of the Office of Management and Budget. Rule, the top Navy procurement official, said the Ash appointment would have Dwight Eisenhower (the first man to speak out against the "military-industrial complex") "twitching in his grave." Ash, whose appointment is not subject to Senate confirmation (although his job is more important than some Cabinet posts) is former president of Litton Industries. Litton is involved in a half-billion-dollar contract dispute with the Navy concerning cost overruns. Rule's job in the Navy Material Command is—was—to "challenge, question" and, when necessary "disapprove" procurement contracts. Rule told Proxmire's committee that the Federal Government's coddling of defense contractors is a scandal, that the government "lacks the guts to tell the taxpayer free enterprise is out and socialism is in."

Proxmire also asked Rule about the Grumman Corporation, whose board chairman, E. Clinton Towl, suddenly canceled an appointment to testify about contract troubles concerning the Navy F-14 fighter plane. Proxmire asked if Rule thought Grumman was right in blaming its overruns on inflation and other unexpected costs. Rule replied: "Absolutely not. They're not kids. They know how to bid on a contract."

After Rule testified, he was visited at his Virginia home by Admiral Isaac Kidd Jr., the Navy's materials chief. Kidd asked Rule to resign "for the good of the Navy." Rule said nuts, or words to that effect. Kidd thereupon transferred him to an insignificant post as consultant on procurement at the Anacostia, Maryland Navy Station's Logistics Management School. Secretary of the Navy John Warner refused even to see Rule, who last year received the highest award the Navy can give a civilian.

Proxmire believes the treatment of Rule may constitute a violation of the law providing for $5,000 fines and five-year prison terms for "intimidation of witnesses and obstruction of the power of inquiry by . . . Congress."

If you think you hear an echo of the not-so-distant past, you are right. In 1951, when Congress was involved in a struggle with President Truman over the right of executive-branch officials to testify before Congress without fear of retribution from their bosses, a senator proposed legislation that might have protected Rule. The senator said, "There's too much at stake to permit foreign policy and military strategy to be established on the basis of half-truths and the suppression of testimony. Unless protection is given to witnesses who are members of the Armed Services or employees of the government, the scheduled hearings will amount to no more than a parade of yes men for Administration policies as they exist." The senator was Richard Nixon (R., Calif.).

■ At year's end these were the relevant statistics about Washington's favorite recent topic, the "isolation" of the President. The President's last public statement of any kind was November 27 when he spoke to reporters at Camp David about government reorganization. The President's last press conference was October 5, the last televised press conference was June 29. The last Cabinet meeting was November 8; the President used it to launch the post-election "shake-up" showbiz. The last meeting of the National Security Council was May 8, the day the President ordered the mining of North Vietnam's harbors.

■ President Nixon again leads the Gallup poll "most admired" list. His spiritual adviser, the Rev. Billy Graham, again is runner-up. His national security adviser, Henry Kissinger, who did not make the top ten last year, is fourth, right behind Harry Truman, who did not make the top ten last year, but who was waging a courageous fight for life when the poll was taken. Kissinger's public following will not win him any points with H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, the President's closest advisers. They think it is disloyal and maybe even immoral for anyone in the Administration—besides The Man, as White House types insist on calling the President—to have such prominence.

—CATO

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because that was all that was left of the dollar when he got through with it? This calls for immediate congressional reform. People ought to demand a change, say, to Grover Cleveland dimes, or to Cal Coolidge half-dollars, or to bright shiny Millard Fillmore pennies," the spokesperson said. "On the other hand, why put any politician on our coins? We could have a Rickenbacker wooden nickel, a Leonard Read Series E bond, a Mises double-eagle, a Willis Carto groat . . ."

■ Kangaroos and koalas have not yet been nationalized, but just give Australia's government time. In Prime Minister Gough Whitlam's first month in office, he has, inter alia, begun returning tribal lands to aborigines; barred segregated South African teams from playing in or traveling through Australia; relaxed movie censorship; suspended the draft and allowed any draftee in the armed forces to leave; recalled the Australian ambassador to Taipei; begun negotiations with Red China and East Germany; called for stronger UN sanctions against Rhodesia; upgraded the Australian dollar in relation to American (and other) currencies; and—as the first cutback on SEATO commitments—announced that the Australian battalion in Singapore will not be replaced

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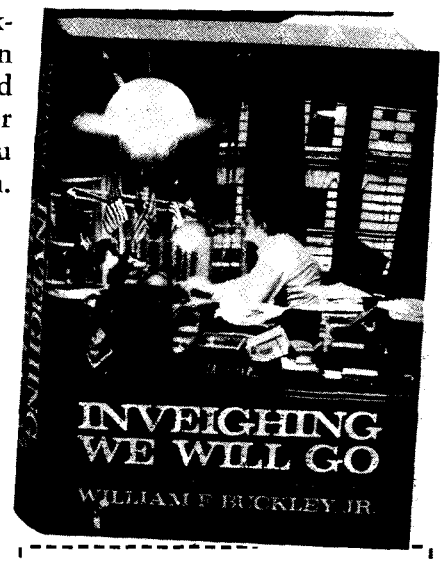
"Inveighing We Will Go" is an exciting and provocative literary excursion with Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Practically everything is covered in this book, from the hard facts behind the spectacle of Nixon's Red China trip to the problems of the *Cosmopolitan* girl. Buckley the writer scores a stunning *tour de force* with "Inveighing We Will Go." You will want to add this remarkable new book to your personal collection. Read all about about it below.



by Lucille M. Guardala

You simply won't be able to find a more absorbing or fascinating book this season than "Inveighing We Will Go." It is really the perfect book for Buckley fans young and old alike, because there is something of interest for everyone! The book is a veritable "best of Buckley"—it is amazing how one person can write with such knowledge and authority on so many subjects. "Inveighing We Will Go" has to be the best example of the famous Buckley style to date.

Imagine, if you can, a book that deals with the lurking horrors of Communist societies, that peels away the veneer of the media's simplicities to expose the real factors at work behind politician's pronouncements, and yet finds the time to muse on the Anniversary of Beethoven's birth. And all under one cover!

A New Approach

But there are other surprises in store for Buckley fans in this book. Bill Buckley himself in the book's introduction says: "In other collections I think there was a little more anfractuosity than in this one, in which here and there I blurt forth more plain-spokenly on some of the concrete problems of the day . . . things like pollution, conscription, ecology, social welfare and even Women's Lib." And that's only the beginning! You'll find plenty of stimulating writing, straightforward and baroque (in the very best Buckley style) on: Ireland, India, the whole Red China affair, Israel, Railroad Reform, Busing, Price Controls, Inflation, Communism in Chile, Revenue-Sharing, Labor Unions, the Pentagon Papers, the New York *Times*, Helen Gurley Brown's *Cosmopolitan*, the end of the War, and much more.

The subjects covered are many and varied, true, but it's what Bill Buckley has to say about each subject that is so different. In these days of T.V. news coverage, we get so used to the surface reality of news events, that we often tend to lose the real meaning of the event and its implications on our lives. Buckley reminds us, lest we get carried away by Presidential toasts in Peking, that for all the droves of docile and industrious Chinese, Mao had executed hundreds of thousands . . . for all the surface ambience and prosperity of today's Yugoslavia, Tito initially eliminated all his opposition.

What He Says

The book begins with the full text of Bill Buckley's famous *Playboy* interview. The interview is vintage Buckley (he gets the better of *Playboy* on numerous occasions), witty—really a classic, but it is also a fine summation of his views on a host of subjects. And don't miss the sections on Politics, the Education of the Kids, the Church or the Personals about Edgar Smith, Clare Boothe Luce, Tom Wolfe, or his brother, Sen. James Buckley.

Naturally, one of the unusual features of any Buckley book is the great wealth of pithy, quotable quotes to use in your own discussions. Well, "Inveighing We Will Go" is no disappointment in this area. Here are some examples:

"Sometimes I feel that John Lindsay is much more useful as a failure, than ever he would have been as a success. In that not insignificant sense, we are indebted to him."

"The fact is, the kind of confidence in America and American institutions that made Woodrow Wilson the idol of an epoch in twentieth-century, liberal American history is, well, dissipated."

"China seems to have killed or otherwise disposed of the incremental objector, so as to have achieved the society of the perfectly misled."

"Here is what the Chinese gave up: 1. They consented to traffic with representatives of the Government of the United States . . . 2. They performed routine rhetorical exercises on the themes of world peace and national sovereignty . . . Here is what the United States gave up . . . 1. We issued a communique in which the Red Chinese re-asserted their absolute right to conquer Taiwan . . . 2. We have lost—irretrievably—any remaining sense of moral mission in the world."

"There I was . . . at the South Pole, and two gentlemen . . . suggested that if I stood on my head, they would snap a photograph . . . which . . . would represent me, atlas-like, bearing the weight of the world on my shoulders. That being what I habitually do anyway, I readily consented . . ."

You will never forgive yourself if you miss this opportunity to get your own copy of this book. Order it today!

SPECIAL SAVINGS OFFER for NR readers only!

By a special arrangement with the publisher, we were able to order copies of "Inveighing We Will Go" in bulk quantity—enabling us to save quite a bit over the retail price of the book ($7.95). We are more than happy to pass our savings on to NR readers who want a copy of this extraordinary book.

Here is how the offer works: renew your *National Review* subscription *now* (new subscriptions are fine too!) at no more than the regular $12.00 yearly rate and pay only an additional $3.95 for the book. You pay just $15.95 in all and save $4.00 on the book. All you have to do is use the card facing this page today. Offer good *only* while our supply of these books lasts: all orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. Send for your copy today!

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when its tour of duty is over. Most recently, as a New Year's present to the United States, the government has supported the dockworkers' refusal to unload American merchant ships in protest against the renewed bombing and has hinted that it may start sending non-military aid to *North* Vietnam.

■ On December 20 Professor Sidney Hook celebrated his seventieth birthday by giving his final lecture before retirement from the New York University faculty. Abandoning the mode of Socratic questioning and dialectic which had governed his classroom teaching method throughout his professional life, Professor Hook summed up the beliefs by which he has lived. First among them has been faith in free inquiry, in human freedom, and in political democracy as basic to freedom. Though *NR* sometimes differs with Professor Hook, notably with the socialist residue that he carried over from his early Marxism, we honor him in having kept true to his faith without yielding to either the seductions or the menaces of the crowd. Thousands of students attest him one of the great teachers of our time. No one has more clearly and consistently explained and opposed our century's totalitarian assault on civilization. No one in academic life has stood more firmly against the intellectual, political and moral diseases that have infected his own profession. We are certain that his formal retirement from the University does not at all mean an end to the active career of this democratic gadfly in the public forum.

■ Shucks, who can bother with grammatical niceties in a monarchy gone mad with blood lust? Not The Rev. Dr. Ernest T. Campbell, who last week in the course of a stop-the-bombing sermon addressed Billy Graham from the pulpit of Riverside Church: "As one of the 'near voices' within hearing distance of the throne, you surely bear a responsibility to critique government policy as well as bless it." Let us all prayer for Dr. Campbell.

■ Radical students attempting to run a pig decorated with a Union Jack for a seat on the Urban Council of Hong Kong have been ruled out of order. "If that is the best they can do," said Council Chairman D. R. W. Alexander, "I suggest it would be better if they concentrated on their studies." Yes. And as part of their studies, they might well take a field trip to the border, which refugees from Red China are risking their lives to cross in the greatest numbers since 1962.

■ Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz reportedly spent the Thanksgiving holiday in Turkey, N.C.

No Intravenous for Me

When faced with terminal disease,
No intravenous feeding, please.
No pumps imparting partial life;
No last-ditch doings with the knife.
When coma comes, please let me slide
Unhindered to the other side:
I want no plastic tubes to mar
My meeting with The Registrar.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Bombing and Morality

With the heated debate about Nixon's bombing of Hanoi still loud in our ears, it may be a good time to step back and at least raise some of the larger questions. Most opponents of the bombing assert that it is "immoral" as well as unwise; and in most cases the adjective "immoral" signifies only that the bombing is something the critic "doesn't like" or "is against." But, when supporting arguments are offered, they almost invariably rest on the two traditional principles of "discrimination" and "proportionality."

Discrimination: A combatant shall discriminate between civilian and military targets, aiming only at the latter, though derivative damage to the former is not excluded.

Proportionality: The good to be anticipated from fighting, or from a particular military action, must outweigh, on reasonable estimate, the death and destruction entailed.

At first glance both principles possess admirable conceptual clarity, they have a venerable history stretching back into antiquity, and they doubtless have done something to limit the horrors of war and enhance the civilization of the West.

It may be, however, that they are no longer relevant to all of the varied forms of modern warfare, or, what would amount to the same thing, so difficult to apply in practice as to be next to useless.

In the eighteenth-century War of the Spanish Succession, for example, civilian and military were indeed sharply distinguished, both functionally and visually. The economies of France and England were mostly supportive of the civilian population. Armies were small and professional. Under these circumstances, to level a city would be to commit what would—in the West—be universally perceived as an outrage.

Gradually, all this changed. As social institutions became more complex and interlocking, as armies became larger and more technologically sophisticated, the distinction between civilian and military blurred. Not only armies but entire social and economic systems came into collision. A straight line can be drawn from Sherman's march to the sea, to the British blockade of 1914-1918, to the U.S. raids on the Schweinfurt ball-bearing plants, to the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. This last, though it outrages the principle of "discrimination," was convincingly defended by Truman on the grounds that it avoided the million casualties anticipated in the invasion of Japan.

In the Vietnam war, the entire population of North Vietnam is part of the war effort. Little occurs in Hanoi that is purely "civilian." Recognizing the total character

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Many months ago, some of these "inner circle" people met to discuss their own individual expertise in the field of money. And before their meeting was over, they had formed a private club as a confidential treasure-house for their unique brand of money know-how.

That was the start of the MONEYTREE Club. Today, it is nationwide. And no longer limited to the very select few. But open to members everywhere, in all walks of life.

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Each month, Club members receive the MONEYTREE newsletter, an advisory report completely unlike any you have ever seen before. Each page is crammed with smart-money secrets, techniques and tips designed to give you instant *money savvy*. And make you one of the best informed persons in the nation.

If your money—and your family's future well-being—are vital to you, you will want to join MONEYTREE now and begin to receive this newsletter regularly. So you can begin to cash in on these money-making, money-preserving opportunities the instant they appear.

Discard your old, tired concepts.

Before you make up your mind, a word of caution. We want you to know that MONEYTREE will quickly force you to abandon your old, ineffective ideas about money. MONEYTREE will, in fact, provide you with an entirely different way of thinking about money. In other words, MONEYTREE will shake you up a little—because you will have to toss aside your outmoded concepts which may, at this very moment, be dooming you to just "getting by."

Let's be frank about it . . . if you were working on your second million, you wouldn't even be reading this far. But you *are* reading this message. And you *are* genuinely interested in taking advantage of the good things MONEYTREE offers you. Hundreds upon hundreds of valuable benefits, techniques and services. And chances are, you're not now familiar with even a single one of them!

For example, here are some of the instant money opportunities MONEYTREE readers have received in recent months:

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- **Business Advice—Free**—from a little-known organization operating under the auspices of the U.S. Government.
- **Low-Cost Land Buys** in the U.S. and elsewhere.
- **How To Get Interest-Free** loans up to $750.
- **Free Lodging Around The World**—yours for just a $3 yearly membership fee.
- **Nine Ways To Turn Ordinary Sawdust** into money.
- **How To Save A Bundle** on prescription drugs.
- **How To Get Uncle Sam To Help Finance** your business.
- **How And Where You Can Get Good Hard Cash** for seemingly worthless things cluttering up your closets or attic.
- **Scientists' Reports** on newly-discovered "age-delaying" techniques.
- **Health Tips** . . . how your kitchen can become the only pharmacy you'll ever need.
- **How To Make A Killing At Auctions** and flea markets.
- **The Hard Facts About Franchises** . . . how to investigate *before* you invest.
- **Things You Ought To Know About Japanese Cars.**
- **Last-Minute Tax Savings.**
- **The Truth About State Lotteries.**
- **A $3,000 Vacation For Peanuts.**
- **How To Open A Swiss Bank Account**—and seven reasons why you may benefit by doing so.
- **Seven Ways To Turn Trash Into Cash.**
- **Hundreds Of Wholesale Bargains From Overseas** suppliers. Everything from apparel to electronic equipment, toys and dolls to jewelry and leather goods.
- **Ten Timely Recommendations To Cut Your Food Budget** *without* sacrificing nutrition.
- **Things For Free** . . . dozens and dozens of useful products and interesting publications—yours without spending a cent.
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- **How To Buy Contraband Goods** from the U.S. Government at practically *giveaway* prices.
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- **Sources Of Free, Unlimited Gourmet Foods.**
- **How To Save Up To 30%** by forming a local buying club.
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- **Poisons In Your Food.** (Names the brand names!)
- **The Lowdown On Restaurants**—America's hidden health hazard.
- **Airlines With The Worst Safety Records.** (Maybe you ought to avoid them!)
- **How To Check Out Your Doctor Or Surgeon**—*before* he starts operating.
- **Grow Your Own Money-Tree** . . . hydroponics might be the answer.
- **Gallstones Dissolved Without Surgery** . . . new pill may save billions in medical costs.
- **The Eye-Opening Facts On Health Insurance** . . . how to get the straight story *before* you sign on the dotted line.
- **Stocks To Multiply Your Bankroll** in coming months . . . *free* bonus report to members.
- **Instant Education**—the truth about mail-order college degrees.
- **A Sound, Sensible Investment** against runaway inflation.
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- **Our Beginner's Guide** to safe stock-market investing.
- **Free Legal Services:** A little-known national service group which can help you, without cost, in legal matters, lawsuits, defense, etc.
- **How To Use Simple Leverage** to multiply your money.
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of the war, North Vietnamese forces have used mass terror and have deliberately hit civilian targets in the South. In a protracted total war, the entire population is an integral part of the military calculation: Today's schoolboy is tomorrow's jungle fighter. The principle of discrimination evanesces.

But the principle of proportionality is also elusive. If the Vietnamese war were a purely Vietnamese event, it might be argued that the destruction so far entailed outweighs the benefits to be expected from the greater chance for a non-Communist as compared with a Communist government in the South—though even here the calculation is difficult. But the war does not take place in isolation. It is a global political event, in which the great powers, with all their interlocking commitments, are involved. Serious policymakers of both political parties have always recognized that an American "humiliation" in Vietnam would have ramifying consequences all through our system of commitments. It is therefore far from clear how one applies the principle of proportionality either to the war itself, or to one military-diplomatic phase of it, such as the bombing of Hanoi. Is, or is not, a more effective ceasefire inspection force worth *x* number of "civilian" casualties and *y* amount of destruction in Hanoi?

Olof Palme and George McGovern evidently have no difficulty in making such calculations; the answer is at their fingertips. But, seriously considered, events would seem, however unfortunately, to have overtaken the traditional ethical categories as regards warfare. They are at least extraordinarily difficult to apply; at times they seem empty of meaning. Those who invoke them often seem mere sophists and rhetors, maneuvering for transitory political effect among ethical ambiguities that have not yet been resolved.

The Forecasters

The cardinal rules of business forecasting are: 1) avoid specific numbers, 2) qualify all remarks by pointing up conflicting possibilities, 3) depersonalize opinions by alluding to "general consensus" or "computer projections," and 4) never look back. Last year, forecasters were unusually close on their estimates of output growth. It was less widely noticed that the economists' forecasts generally proved to be wildly optimistic about the efficacy of controls. The Conference Board, for example, projected a 2 to 2.4 per cent increase in the wholesale price index, and a 2.5 to 3.0 per cent increase in the Consumer Price Index—the actual figures were about 5.4 and 3.5 per cent, respectively. The unemployment rate (5.6 per cent last year) and trade deficit also remained higher than expected.

The official excuse is that inflation might have been even worse in the absence of controls—by 1.5 to 2.0 per cent. But that piece of statistical hindsight is contradicted by the way prices were trending steadily downward before the "freeze." In the first half of 1971, most economists expected inflation to continue to fall from the prevailing 3.8 per cent rate—with or without controls.

If we have defied cardinal rule Number Four (looking back), the economists have rediscovered cardinal rules Number One and Two (stick to optimistic generalities, and hedge). The latest Conference Board managed to avoid any estimate of price increases in 1973. As for prosperity—which all agree will continue—we hear that "it isn't quite all that open and shut a case," and "I have never felt as much uncertainty about the outlook for capital markets," and "on wage increases it's a little harder to predict," and there are "a large number of uncertainties on the U.S. economic horizon that are difficult if not impossible to quantify . . ." The tone is, understandably, more cautious than last year's though everyone agrees that measured output will continue to advance at nearly last year's hectic pace. The big question is how much of this growth will be real, and how much will be simply the result of price increases. *U.S. News & World Report*, whose projections last year were closer than most, estimates a 2.9 per cent increase in wholesale prices for 1973. If their margin of error is exactly the same as last year's, however, we would find ourselves with a whopping 5.9 per cent increase in the wholesale index. Let's hope the forecasters know something that they didn't know a year ago at this time.

M. Pompidou's Big Test

General de Gaulle would not like it, not at all. A recent poll, taken just three months before France's next parliamentary elections, shows the Gaullists and their allies, the Independent Republicans, trailing the new Communist-Socialist Popular Front by 38 to 45 per cent. The same poll shows that 59 per cent of the French believe that if the Left scores a victory there should be Communist ministers in the cabinet.

A reason for the steady rise of the Popular Front in the polls is the general détente betwen East and West, touched off eighteen months ago by the ping-pong exchange—*"le dégel"* (de-icing) as the French so aptly call it. Western Europe finds it hard to cast the Communists as bogeymen today and certainly the program of the French Communists is not designed to scare off the French public. In a semisocialized nation like France where much of the industry is nationalized, to threaten to nationalize other industries—petrochemical, pharmaceutical, aerospace, electronics—is not regarded as particularly radical.

But the situation may not be so bad as the polls would have us believe. For one thing, the Gaullists, fat and comfortable after fourteen years in power, are not running scared yet: They have hardly started to campaign. They are laboring under the handicap of a new Premier, Pierre Messmer, who is little known (after five months in office, 41 per cent of the French people have no opinion

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about him—come to think of it, there has to be something wrong about that report; has anyone ever met a Frenchman who has no opinion about anything?). The tough anti-inflation measures adopted by the Pompidou government are just now starting to stabilize prices. And finally, Pompidou is scheduled to meet with Brezhnev in Russia between now and the March elections, a rendezvous which is sure to shoot him up in the polls.

Finally there's the fact that the Fifth Republic is a presidential republic; most of the power lies with President Pompidou, not with the Chamber of Deputies, and Pompidou will remain in office until 1976. The danger is that a big vote for the Popular Front in France could pave the way for popular fronts in other countries—Italy is certainly one—and lead to the Communization of Europe.

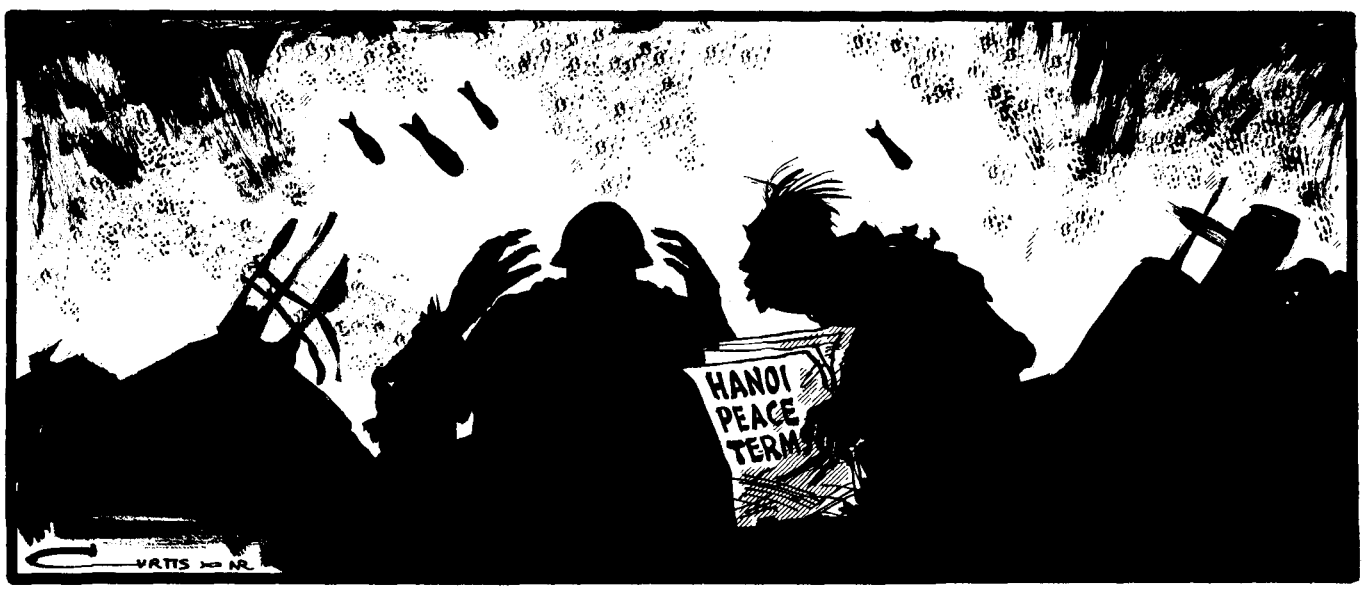
Epitaph for Ecologues

The backlash cometh. First there were those *Silent Spring* fantasies about pesticides and chemical fertilizers, which Nobel Prize agriculturist Norman Borlaug labeled "vicious, hysterical propaganda." But even the best-supported allegations of this sort, those against DDT, did not hold up too well in government hearings. Next there was the National Population Commission report, which pointed out how much more crowded it would be if we all had three children rather than two. But birth-rates have been falling sharply for years; no respectable demographer believes Americans will ever again average three children per family, and we have already attained a birth-rate which will eventually yield zero population growth. Finally, there was Dennis Meadows' *The Limits to Growth*, which created impressive predictions of catastrophe by filling a computer with catastrophic projections. But this sort of thing was effectively dismissed by John Maddox in *The Doomsday Syndrome*. This is not to suggest that there are no ecological problems, but that the initiative in this field has been taken away from those who would use the ecology issue to justify a regimented, egalitarian and stagnant society. The weakening of private property, for example, is not a cure for resource waste but a major *cause* of it: Before ownership rights were established on the forests and plains, trees and buffalo belonged to nobody and therefore to everybody on a first-come, first-served basis. The Soviet Union, which recognizes no inviolable property rights, appears to be considerably more polluted than we were at an equivalent stage of development.

Crazylegs Nixon

Anyone who knows anything about politics knows that President Nixon likes sports. Ever since his occupation of the White House, he has been telephoning locker rooms to congratulate victorious coaches and their betowelled athletes. Last January, caught in the excitement of the upcoming Super Bowl, he telephoned the Miami Dolphins' coach *before* the big game to wish him luck and, carrying federal intervention to heights undreamed of by the Founding Fathers, to suggest a play. (Miami lost; the play failed.) This football season Superfan has been a devoted and adoring worshiper of the Washington Redskins. Only a few years ago the Redskins were a hapless crew, perennial patsies, as they say. But this year they are in, of all places, the Super Bowl, playing for the championship of professional football; no more will the other teams have the Redskins to kick around. Needless to say, Superfan is ecstatic; but Superfan is also, as we know, a full-time pro in his own sport.

Many in the kingdom are not happy because, while they too like to root for the home team, they often can't, due to the National Football League's policy of blacking out all home games. Well, it being that time of year



"I guess Nixon doesn't like to play games."

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again, Superfan had another play, which he suggested this time to Pete Rozelle, the NFL commissioner. "Pete," he had one of his minions suggest, "either you lift the TV blackouts of games sold out 48 hours before kickoff or we take you to court." Pete refused, pointing to the number of past games that hadn't sold out because of, among other things, "misleading statements by civic leaders and others." The case, as promised, went to the courts and both a court of appeals and the Supreme Court ruled, defiantly, in favor of the NFL.

A frustrated Superfan now sits before his TV screen and (when he isn't blacked out) watches 22 grown men engage in an activity that has wonderfully resisted all federal intervention. The courts willing, it will stay that way.

Do Not Disturb

In a city winter the ex-British Caribbean brings unfairly to mind green seas, rust-colored reefs, and legendary beaches with a frieze of leggy palms under which boys in cricket caps make their way to school. Where there is cricket, can there be Castro?

The picture obtains, to a point. The Windward Islands —St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Dominica, Grenada—are the last places unpolluted, sun-soaked, pin-clean. This is a pre-television culture where the ordinary citizen shows no inclination to engage in the rat race. But against the background of vagabond divinity, all bleached and barefoot, stands out a new breed of black politician, with no commitments northwards—or southwards, for that matter. By far the most dynamic and personable of these is Grenada's Premier Eric Gairy, already the subject of a Yale dissertation. Overwhelmingly re-elected some months ago, Gairy has seldom had his due in a press suspicious of personal leadership as well as of any black who declines to use the going racial slogans. These last Gairy, though proud of his humble origins, has scorned to exploit and risk contaminating "a shining example of a completely integrated multiracial society," as he rightly styles his island. With Premiers Compton (St. Lucia) and Mitchell (St. Vincent) Gairy has just founded a union for free movement of goods, and people, between these islands.

Young, handsome, Catholic and athletic (surely the world's best tennis-playing Premier), Gairy is unashamedly charismatic, and within his context rightly so. Grenada produced the last Miss World and Gairy could reply to (Whitehall or Washington) sneers that any technique for putting his impoverished, beloved island on the map is to the good. The award certainly meant a lot to the average islander.

The average city liberal, however, suspects personal politics, seeing the solution of problems in new institutions. Personal politics has been a European poison; it is probably a Caribbean panacea. Gairy sees everyone. Working like a dynamo, blasting impolite airline officials and hotel managers, he manages to visit every parish and personally interview every would-be resident. The island is a family. Anyone gets to see "Uncle" and does. To call Gairy—a man who goes to functions in an unaccompanied, unarmed car—a Papa Doc is absurd liberal cant. An island like this is still small and human and Gairy, who operates under an indigenous lady Governor (the only one of her kind within the Commonwealth), declines to take on the common bureaucratic sickness. His most "dictatorial" actions have been to double the police force, impose gun control, and condone a mild form of corporal punishment for violent criminals. Everyone is grateful for these measures, and the U.S. retirement community is blessedly stable. In spite of high unemployment and declining world prices for its chief crop, nutmegs, Grenada still has the lowest emigration requests of any Caribbean island. This alone is a tribute to Gairyism. And when one encounters his conservative, dignified and responsible islanders, one is tempted to feel that the only Englishmen left are Grenadans. —G. WAGNER

Harris, Canada Ben Roth Agency

"All you have to do is stand in between them and report what happens."

Chakravarti Rajagopalacharya, R I P

Rajaji, or C. R., as he was universally called by his countrymen, died in his native Madras, the last week of the old year, at the age of ninety-four. There have been few more sympathetic actors on the world stage during the century that his life very nearly spanned. He was a man who held unswervingly firm to principle without yielding to fanaticism. As a successful lawyer in early life and skilled administrator in the high posts he filled—Governor General in the period of the subcontinent's transition to

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independence, Home Minister and Prime Minister of Madras under the Indian republic—Rajaji demonstrated pragmatic talents that could have brought him the largest material rewards, but he was indifferent to luxury and indulgence. He had joined with Gandhi as early as 1919 in the struggle, by the peaceful but disobedient measures of *satyagraha*, for independence, but in 1942 he broke publicly with Gandhi and Nehru on the ground that they were playing into the hands of the Nazi and Japanese aggressors by raising the demand for *Independence Now!* and were heading for bloody conflict with the Moslems. He joined the Nehru government, but from the beginning warned of the danger to India posed by Communism, the Soviet Union and Communist China. On this issue, the seizure of Goa, and his conviction that the government's socialist trends would lead to the destruction of freedom, Rajaji resigned his posts and left Nehru's Congress Party to become chairman of the new Swatantra Party based on a program calling for decentralization, greater economic and personal freedom, and resistance to Communism both at home and abroad. Although this separated him from the mainstream of Indian politics, Rajaji continued until his death to be honored and loved by his countrymen of all faiths and parties.

Harry S. Truman, R I P

So regularly do American Presidents become mythologized, even when in office, that the process must reflect deep psychic needs which insist upon recreating the man in satisfying fictional form. Actually, John F. Kennedy was not self-denying and spartan, was not particularly energetic, was not artistic or intellectual, and was not an idealist; nor was Dwight Eisenhower a genial lobotomized Mr. Dick who, wandering in out of the pages of Dickens, managed the conquest of Europe and presided for eight years in the White House. But at particular moments in time the public needed "Ike" and "JFK" for reasons which may be adduced: The myth, however, bore little resemblance to the actual men themselves.

After thirteen years of charisma and hauteur under FDR, it was only natural that the desire should exist for a "common man" in the Presidency. And so there came into being the myth of Truman, nourished by his undistinguished appearance, and cultivated shrewdly—both consciously and unconsciously—by the man himself. It was a successful artistic creation, achieved in cooperation with the public, which then proceeded to approve of its handiwork in the election of 1948. Successful myth is a powerful political weapon. And like all great art, it has endured: "Nor did he," wrote one eulogist the other day, "try to be anything other than what he was—a poor boy from Independence who was steeped in history and was propelled, against his will, into some of the greatest challenges ever to confront a human being."

That is the myth, all right, but, except for the last twelve words, completely false.

In point of fact, the Truman family was not poor, but close to wealthy. At one point their farm comprised two thousand acres, and even in the early 1900s when, with harder times, it shrank to six hundred acres, it still produced upward of $15,000 in yearly income: the equivalent of $50,000 or more today. Its roots deep in the culture of the Missouri middle-border, part Southern and part Midwestern, the Truman family was part of a distinctive American gentry or even rural aristocracy, invisible though that fact was to Truman's Eastern colleagues later on, or to the national press.

Neither his family nor he was ever humble. A strong mother taught him to read before he was five. And from the start his taste in reading was revealing: the lives of great men.

The Kennedys invited musicians to the White House, people like Pablo Casals. But Truman could really play the piano, and not just the "Missouri Waltz." As a boy, Truman was a gifted and extensively coached pianist who was urged to make music his career. By the time he was sixteen he was playing Bach, Beethoven and Liszt; and when Paderewski visited Kansas City in 1900, the master showed the young adept how to play the "turn" in his Minuet in G. Wherever you touch Truman's biography, whether in his performance as an officer in World War I, or in his personal affairs, his conviction of self-worth seems firmly rooted in his sense of his place in that local culture. It is characteristic that, for example, he chose for his bride Elizabeth Wallace, one of the most sought-after girls among the local gentry, an argumentative beauty who was not only a champion tennis player but also the best first-baseman in Independence and an outstanding ice-skater. When he was elected to the Senate at the age of fifty, a diary entry makes it clear that he felt equal to this or even higher office: "In reading the lives of great men, I found that the first victory they won was over themselves . . . self-discipline with all of them came first. I found that most of the great ones never thought they were great." In the Senate he did not remain for long a back-bencher, but moved quickly into the centers of institutional power, and also made a national name for himself with his Truman Committee investigation of waste in the war effort. When the decision was made, in the light of FDR's declining health, to sack the Russophile Wallace in 1944, Truman was by no means a capricious choice for the second spot on the ticket.

His major decisions, from the dropping of the atom bomb to the intervention in Korea, were made with dispatch; his confidence and his capacity for decision were not accidental or mysterious in origin.

In 1946 when the mega-crisis came, Truman was equal to it and met it head-on. The Soviets were making territorial demands on Turkey, threatening the conquest of Iran, and fomenting civil war in Greece. The economy of Western Europe lay shattered, and anarchy and starvation loomed imminent. Large Communist parties were bidding for power in France and Italy. England was on the edge of bankruptcy. The skill and courage with which

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Truman and Acheson met this enormous challenge—articulating the Truman Doctrine, intervening in Greece, launching the Marshall Plan, feeding Berlin with an airlift for most of a year—have earned him a lasting place in history. He was, in the great phrase of Dean Acheson, present, and more than present, at the creation of the postwar Western system.

In a curious way the passage of time tends to draw a veil over faults and render old conflicts obsolete. Even the bitter issues get settled, one way or another, and no longer seem to matter much. In contrast, successful creation endures. NATO, the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan now seem much more important than, for example, the disputes over his largely defeated New Dealish domestic program. T. S. Eliot has noticed that time has had this absolving effect on the savage disputes of the English Civil War. As he wrote in "Little Gidding": "I think of a king at nightfall,/ Of three men, and more, on the scaffold/ And a few others who died forgotten/ In other places, here and abroad/ . . . These men, and those who opposed them/ And those whom they opposed/ Accept the constitution of silence/ And are folded in a single party."

Notes & Asides

■ We do not like your new cover design.

Stephen J. Artner
Dennis T. Kearney
Mike Brunner
131 Farley Hall
Notre Dame, Ind.

On the other hand, it's a smash *at Nebraska U.*

—WFB

■ To: W. F. Rickenbacker Dec. 7, 1972
From: WFB

I learn that in addition to flying your plane, recording your piano masterpieces, editing your economic newsletter, playing championship golf, and translating various works from Russian, German, Italian and Spanish, you are now undertaking to write a novel *before Christmas!*

This is to serve notice that I desire no further contact with you.

Dear Bill:

Your violent and unprovoked attack, in your letter of December 7, which by the bye I don't intend to let you get away with without reminding you that that was the 31st anniversary of the dastardly Japanese assault upon Pearl Harbor—as I say, your sneak attack must not be permitted ☐ to go unanswered, ☐ to bring about a termination of our noble and ancient friendship, ☐ to become a newspaper column, ☐ none of the above, ☐ collect $200 and return to GO, ☐ for five bucks, name the biggest harbor in the Falkland Islands, ☐ for 2 cents, stage a sneak attack on it.

Where was I?

Oh yes. It is perfectly natural for a Creative Artist to feel inadequate to the task of expressing the promptings of his soul. My sympathies, William. But it is essential to maintain your self-confidence if you are going to get into this line of work. Look on the bright side. You are yet young. You have published several articles that are certainly to your credit, and you have dozens of friends both here and in New Jersey and beyond. You have written two excellent books, one of which had a chapter in it by me. You have everything to live for, and your career must be considered as one of the more promising careers now being offered in the market. Cheer up, for heaven's sake, man! Remember the Second Theological Virtue (*spes*, Lat.; *elpis*, Grk.) [I thought I would toss in the Grk. just to keep you from getting too damn cheerful.]

Where I was? Oh, about that novel. I wrote the first chapter and then Two Good Fairies descended upon me, just before dawn, flying out of the southwest, and dropped seventeen million tons of high explosives on it, and otherwise persuaded me not to go ahead with the thing because it was taking a very ungainly hue. I tore up the whole chapter; first time I've destroyed anything since I pledged eternal friendship with William Rusher, that whey-faced political engineer. But do not jubilate: in the meanwhile I have indeed finished editing one book and have commenced research and preliminary musings on Novel Number Two, which will be a great LOVE STORY based on various catastrophes of the ordinary sort, plus a squadron of Adelie penguins. You take 'er from there.

And if THIS letter turns up in YOUR introduction to MY next book, I demand a rematch.

Behave yourself. I am armed and should be considered dangerous. Or at least I should be considered.

Wm.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Shame on you! See page 1113 of *NR*, Oct. 13, for the following words attributed to you in a letter to JKG the Harvard Prof:

"It raises implicitly two points, the one, *Ought anyone* to sue for libel; the second, Is the Vidal suit, assuming the answer is yes, *to be one of them*?" [Emphasis supplied.]

I ask: One of *what*? The only plausible antecedent to "them" is "anyone," and a person (even if unspecified) can hardly *be* a libel suit, although he may perhaps initiate one. Have I caught you with your ante-

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cedents down? Or, perhaps, this Mr. Anyone will shortly sue *you* for libel (in that you asserted he *was*, or ought to be, a *libel suit* against Gore Vidal—fighting words beyond a doubt).

Have you anything to say for yourself? Chidingly,

Bill Wingo
Birmingham, Ala.

No, nothing. Chidedly, —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Only one American in five hundred knows the correct meaning of the word "momentarily." I have learned with amazement that you are among the four hundred ninety-nine.

In one of your newspaper columns I have read the statement that "Congress will close momentarily." Well, there is only one way that Congress might close momentarily; its members would have to leave their legislative chambers for just a minute—and then come right back again!

At one time, sleazy blunders in word usage could spread only slowly and sometimes died out before they got very far. But with press, radio and television, such errors are disseminated with the same frightening celerity as the spreading of wheat-rust by the wind. Let a popular columnist or commentator deliver himself of a blooper in New York and the next day his colleagues are inflicting his error upon the multitudes in Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas and LA.

Here is a collection of ghastly locutions which have made me grind my teeth for years.

a) "Senators and congressmen." This absurdity is employed thousands of times a year in print and on the air.

b) "Border-states." When a foreign visitor sees a reference to the "border-states" in one of our papers, he assumes inevitably that it refers to those commonwealths which touch Canada or Mexico. But no, it pertains to a group of states in the *middle* of the country (Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri). The bewildered foreigner is bound to ask: Border of *what?* Well, that's what I want to know. It's true, these states touched the Southern Confederacy. But the Confederacy lasted only four years and perished more than a century ago. Apparently to a lot of journalists and editors, American history came to stop in 1865.

c) "Underprivileged." The origin of this preposterous barbarism is an etymological mystery of the first class. It must have been put together by a genius in a nut-house. In order to appreciate its inanity, try to think of a dialogue between yourself and a friend.

The friend says he feels sorry for slum-dwellers because they are "underprivileged." You reply: "Well, perhaps you'd like them to become 'overprivileged.'" Your friend thinks about it for a moment and says: "No, I don't expect that." You then remark: "Then perhaps you'd like them merely to be privileged." When the impact of that strikes him, he probably can see the absurdity of applying the word "privileged" in any form to slum-dwellers. It's as nonsensical and contradictory as the Marxian slogan "dictatorship of the proletariat." Or the statement that Stalin invented "the cult of personality," an expression which probably means something in Russian but certainly means nothing in English.

d) "Ethnic." This word is a perfectly good adjective which has been turned into a noun by politicians and their dim-witted journalistic attendants. Then to make things worse, this bastard-noun is applied (with patronizing disparagement) to those Americans who belong to cultural and racial minorities. This is another idiocy which must have come straight from an insane asylum.

e) "Lugshury." One of the most repulsive nuisances of our time is the broadcasting-pitchman who rhapsodizes over the "lugshury" of consuming this or that commodity. Any advertiser who says "lugshury" is a "lug" himself and ought to be met by a necktie-party as he leaves the studio.

I dream of a constitutional amendment which would require the courts to impose a heavy fine upon any politician or publicist who thinks that "momentarily" is a synonym for "soon." And a long prison term for such nonsensicalities as "senators and congressmen" and "border-states." The death penalty would be mandatory for the use of "underprivileged" and of "ethnic" as a noun. I already have suggested an efficient way to dispose of a pitchman who offends the ear and the mind with "lugshury." Very truly yours,

Patrick B. Henrickson

Aw, lay off, fellas. **—WFB**

Mr. Palme Resolves

I, Olof Palme, all in black
For Mr. Nixon's Yule attack,
Recall in horror how we slew
In Germany—for Richelieu.
In 1630, so they say
(Historians can go astray),
We tangled with the Germans (gulp!)
And beat them to a bloody pulp.
It's hard to see (I'm wearing weeds
For Mr. Nixon's Christmas deeds)
How Swedes could ever be so *rude.*
Today, with swimming in the nude . . .
But that's another story. What
I want to say is, since we shot
Our wad in 1630, I,
Prime Minister, resolve to try
To ape the Swedish halibut
And keep my bloody molars shut.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Drawing on His Last Reserves

THE BYZANTINE QUALITY that became noticeable in the Nixon Administration last spring has grown more pronounced since the election. Byzantine more, perhaps, in the style of the third than in that of the second Rome. Secretive, enigmatic, indirect, revolving more and more closely around the person of the ruler; palace intrigues within intrigues; periods of seeming stasis suddenly interrupted by furious outbursts of energy; the great lords with independent titles banished from court in favor of the ruler's bound liegemen; decisions taken in seclusion, and put into effect without explanation of premises or aims; even Henry Kissinger as a mod Rasputin.

What was the objective of December's bombing offensive? "To get rid of so many B-52s that Congress will have to go ahead with the B-1 supersonics" is the way they put it in some military circles, and that covers the facts better than most other suggestions. In a Byzantine world no hypothesis can be too outlandish.

Not long after the big bombing started a Spokesman mumbled something about forestalling an imminent North Vietnamese offensive. (Throughout, we have only heard from the clerks. No responsible official of the regime—not the ruler himself, his chief of staff, his foreign minister, or his chief foreign adviser, all of whom shut themselves inside closely guarded pleasure domes at the four corners of the country—said so much as a single word.) No one could take this seriously. Until yesterday Spokesman had been assuring us that the North Vietnamese were not capable of mounting an offensive. The provenance of these strikes, moreover, was altogether different from what it would have been if the purpose were to abort an imminent offensive.

According to the most widespread belief, the bombings sought to compel the North Vietnamese to settle down to "serious negotiations" instead of horsing around. This was probably one of the objectives that the ruler or some of those around him had in mind when the order was given. But considered realistically this objective, too, doesn't make much sense. In the first place, the North Vietnamese *have* been negotiating seriously, and ably. Besides, the explicit terms of the agreement are not of much importance anyway, certainly not important enough to justify the scale of losses to both sides brought by these bombings. As General Maxwell Taylor comments in a brilliant analysis (*N.Y. Times*, Op Ed, Dec. 29), the main provisions of the draft agreement (orderly ceasefire, adequate international supervision, a functioning National Council of Reconciliation, democratic elections etc.) are not going to be carried out in any event.

Negotiating a Non-Agreement

The accord is a cosmetic compound which both sides seek to shape so that it will hide their blemishes. The verbal disputes mirror this process, and the exceeding difficulty in resolving them expresses the underlying and controlling fact: that the issues which produced the Indochina conflict—the real conflict in the real world, not the minuet in the negotiating chambers—have not been settled. One of the contestants wants to leave the ring before the referee has declared the winner.

Kissinger gave the show away in his December 16 presentation when he reported that among the little difficulties remaining was a quibble over South Vietnamese "sovereignty." That, must we remind ourselves, is what all the shooting has been about for the past two decades.

Can it be that the ruler's objective was to change the underlying fact—that is to say, to *win* the war? Just possibly that tantalizing idea occurred to him as he gave the word to begin the bomb runs. But it is too late for that. Winning the war—and thus being in a position to *order* the North Vietnamese troops to leave, to *command* immediate release of our prisoners, to *compel* recognition of South Vietnam's sovereignty and *guarantee* her a reasonable period of security—would not be possible without a major invasion of North Vietnam. A ten-thousand-mile retreat isn't the prelude to an invasion.

My own guess is that what initiated the bombing blitz was not so much a rational decision to seek a clearly defined objective as the ruler's sense of frustration—the same frustration that engulfed his predecessor. How can it be that I, ruler of the most powerful nation on earth, cannot bend the will of this miserable opponent to mine? And when I ask so little, nothing for myself or my nation, and am ready to give so much. How dare he—what infamy on his part!—hold my soldiers as prisoners and hostages, to taunt and defy me by parading them before the eyes of the world? When all the world is sick of this damnable war, how can he trifle with my envoy hour after hour, day after day, over insignificant words and phrases? The frustration swells to an intolerable level: at which Lyndon Johnson quits, and Richard Nixon orders Bombs Away.

La Commedia è Quasi Finita

Nixon has not yet, that is, accepted the reality, not been willing to admit the B that follows from the A. He still tries to hide from the rest of us, and from himself perhaps, the truth that because we did not defeat the enemy, our Vietnam mission has failed. It is inevitable that any agreement signed now by the contending parties should be ambiguous, unsatisfactory, incomplete, and in the last analysis unworkable. You don't determine sovereignty by a change in syntax.

Nixon cannot, I think, hold off much longer. He is drawing on his last reserves—his last political and moral reserves, since in this strange conflict physical and military power have never been decisive. He will have to come to terms, with himself first of all, very soon now. If he cannot have the cosmetic agreement he would like, he will have to take what he can get; or, as General Taylor proposes, proceed to the final stages of "terminating our American commitment" without resort to "a formal agreement involving Hanoi and the Vietcong." □

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AN APPRAISAL

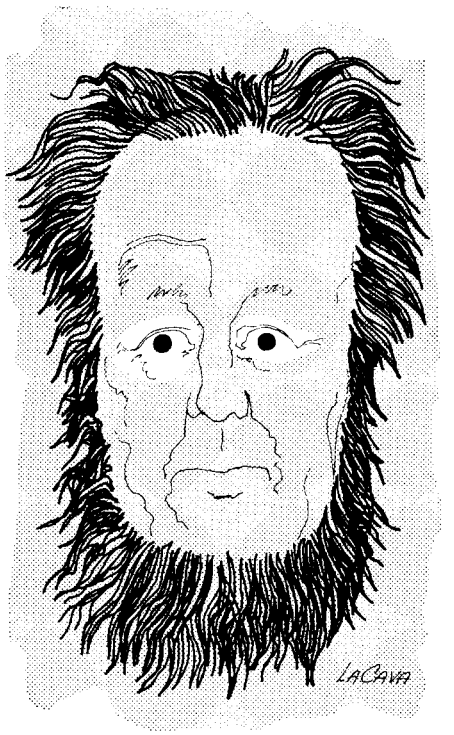
Solzhenitsyn, says the author, has an importance transcending Russia. His appearance must be considered one of the great events of our time, of all time

The Eternal Meaning of Solzhenitsyn

GERHART NIEMEYER

Comparisons between Solzhenitsyn and Dostoevsky have become fashionable, though their meaning has been less than clear. Henri de Lubac, in his *Drama of Atheistic Humanism*, has traced the snowballing movement toward the murder of God and man's self-deification that began with Hegel and accelerated by way of Feuerbach, Stirner, Marx, to Nietzsche, with Comte thrown in for good measure. In the drama's fifth act Dostoevsky, and he alone, arrested this formidable momentum of which he himself had been a part before he ascended *de profundis* to the affirmation of faith. The great power of Dostoevsky's work stems from his characters' participation in a battle of superhuman dimensions. Nobody else could bring home to the reader the forces contending in that fight like Dostoevsky, the sole informant with profound philosophical appreciation of the enemy's strongest case. His work, as Ellis Sandoz has put it in his *Political Apocalypse*, amounts to an "anthropology of disorder," his Stavrogins, Verkhovenskys, Ivan Karamazovs to a gallery of nihilistic archetypes. From this frightful ordeal Dostoevsky himself, however, emerged not a radiant victor but rather a battered, bruised and bloodied warrior whose exclamation of faith comes in his work to hardly more than a stammer. We must hold him as one who saw the promised land without being allowed to enter in.

Is that the character of Solzhenitsyn's work? True, he also fights his way up from the nadir of Communist ideology in which he was raised and which he must at one time have accepted. Like Dostoevsky, he is fully aware of the motive strengths propelling that movement, as when the prisoner Rubin in



The First Circle rejects for his person the principle that the end justifies the means, and then continues:

> But it's a different matter when we are talking about society as a whole. For the first time in the history of mankind we have an aim which is so sublime that we can really say that it justifies the means employed to attain it.

His characters all know Communist arguments inside out, and so the refutations issue from the point of view of men who "have been over into the future, and it does not work." Rubin has no answer to Sologdin's demand that he prove how the "negation of the negation" is a law capable of predicting change. Rusanov, in *Cancer Ward*, cannot refute the charge that official discrimination on the ground of "social origin" amounts to racism. Yes, in one sense Solzhenitsyn does fight a battle similar to Dostoevsky's, but if we ask if it is that which accounts for the singular power of his work, we must answer no, "that is not it, at all." Dostoevsky's ordeal need not be repeated; the Russian writer now has other tasks. Already Pasternak understood this. Beyond historical upheavals and clashing power masses he rediscovered man's perennial experiences of life in nature, of personal suffering and death, of love and sacrifice. About such things, Communism has nothing to say, and thus even the best case that can be made out for it bypasses the human soul, the quivering resonator of transcendent realities.

Solzhenitsyn's Society

Pasternak's was a valiant effort to which ultimate fruition was denied. A pall of great metaphysical sadness hangs over his work, to which one might apply the title of Walter Sullivan's recent book, *Death by Melancholy*. Solzhenitsyn pushes beyond. Even in the midst of apparently bottomless defeat, his characters manage to sustain hope, faith, love; they remain pilgrims on their way to man's ultimate destiny. To be sure, they inhabit a place like hell. *The First Circle* is a "special prison" for scientists who, while serving long terms, are made to give to the state their best inventive and creative powers. That prison with

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its special privileges may be the best there is, but it is still only the topmost range of the Inferno. The beginning and end of the book circumscribe the whole setting: In the first pages, a Soviet diplomat in an anonymous telephone call warns a friend of impending danger, and a new batch of prisoners arrives at Mavrino, the special prison; in the last pages the diplomat, traced by means of an invention made by the Mavrino prisoners, enters the Lubyanka, and a batch of prisoners are transferred from the "First Circle" to Siberia's labor camps. The law of circulation in Soviet society goes from the ingress of prisoners and an innocent act of decency to the egress of old prisoners bound for lower hell, and the ingress of fresh ones into interrogation. The diplomat is snagged by the noose woven by other prisoners. All human beings, victims and torturers alike, are surrounded by harsh cruelty, systematic degradation, ubiquitous suspicion and hostility, petty meanness of officials, and never-ending inefficiency.

Iron Ring of Environment

This social setting, surely, is one of "alienation." How would a Western writer have dealt with it? A hundred years ago, he would have drawn a picture of defiance, the lone hero against all of "them"; half a century ago he would have piled proof upon proof that evil is the *ens realissimum* and goodness but a vexation of the spirit; nowadays he would have strewn about fragments of persons and events by way of "I told you so" that everything is absurd. Is it not remarkable that nothing of the kind occurs to Solzhenitsyn? True, all of his characters suffer unspeakably from humiliation, contempt, pain, deprivation, loneliness, malnutrition, cold, separation, unfreedom. Yet in the midst of the most inhuman conditions the dozen or so main characters make choices central to their humanity: whether to consent to an assignment of routine drudgery or be sent to a Siberian slave camp, whether or not to divorce a husband who is behind bars, whether to humor a warder's tyranny or to resist it, whether or not to share with fellow prisoners, whether to do honest work or to mark time, whether or not to cooperate as an informer, whether or not to go along with Communist reasoning. Such choices have constituted man's lot; they do not disappear in a tyrannous social system or even in prison, and oppressive injustice excuses nobody from facing them.

Cancer Ward, more of a coherent story, deals with Oleg Kostoglotov, arrested for some casual remarks as a student, imprisoned, later exiled to Siberia "for eternity," then dispatched to the hospital on the brink of death from cancer. He responds strongly to treatment, his vital powers reawaken, he falls in love with one of the nurses, and then, more profoundly, with Vega, his female doctor. Discharged from the hospital and thirstily drinking in all manifestations of life as on the first day of Creation, he learns that his exile may be lifted in which case he would be able to marry Vega. An hour later, though, he also learns that the treatments for cancer have destroyed his reproductive powers and that no family life is any longer possible for him. This man receives an unbroken series of heavy blows to all that he values in the world, his friends, studies, family, his Russia, his freedom, his great love: All prospects are denied, all avenues blocked. Yet nothing can destroy his dignity, his love of life. He remains ever unwilling to pay "any price" for survival, he remains the king of his choices, the servant of a higher good. His existence may have been reduced to something like nothingness, but there abides still "the whole unfathomable universe of one man," the soul that presses toward beyonds after beyonds, undaunted by the fearsome nearbys. The iron ring of the environment here is a double one: first the Soviet regime with its repressions, lies, cruelties and degradations, then, within it, the hospital with its treatments which threaten to cause worse evils than those they are meant to cure. The hospital obviously serves as a paradigm of the whole Communist enterprise and the exorbitant price it exacts for the prospect of removing evils from life, without any real knowledge of how its "remedies" will actually work out.

Intellectual Patrimony

Enough has been said to indicate the nature of Solzhenitsyn's achievement. In one word: He has succeeded in restoring the concept of man to the fullness of humanity. If you think that this is nothing much, please consider the following: From the philosophers of the seventeenth century on, we have come more and more to a view identifying man with only a fragment of his being, a truncated psychology that arbitrarily eliminates one-half of human motivations. From the end of the eighteenth century on, we have been burdened by a notion which Eric Voegelin has called "the contracted self," man in the role of a world-historical loner, both a self-pitying sufferer from alienation and his own self-worshiping savior from all evil. Early in the twentieth century, we encountered the concept of collective man whose salvation and freedom can be attained only en masse and whose destiny is to function as an integral part of the Plan. From a variety of nineteenth-century ideologies we inherited the idea of the activist man, energy devoid of any contemplation and any norm, a source of deeds that allegedly establish their own meaning. Let us look at all these distortions again, and then reflect on how easy or difficult it is these days to have a notion of man apart from any of these biases.

"What makes you think realism must be brutal?" asks the hero of Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. Thomas Hobbes, that's who, and all who like him have reduced man to a self-centered island of arrogant meanness. Hobbes's philosophy based all social order on his wager that man's fondest desire is to do other men in. He was certainly familiar with the Greek philosophers' insights into human nature, as well as the findings of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas. Augustine, that profound psychologist, pointed out that man lives between the poles of two extreme loves: on the one hand *amor sui*, the love of self

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and its desire for mundane advantages, possessions, victories and the means of pride; on the other *amor Dei*, the love of God, the longing for good, man's restless tendency to press onward to the Absolute, the completion of self through openness toward divine grace. From this full range of motivations, Hobbes cut away the love of God, so that he had left only egoism, a tendency toward violence, envy and pride, all of which he called not an aspect of man but, mind you, the whole of man. By the end of the eighteenth century the Marquis de Sade had built a whole world-view on essentially the same premise, and William Beckford, Lord Byron, Shelley, Swinburne came to be fascinated by the attraction of demonic evil. Don't take my word for it, read all about it in *The Romantic Agony*, by Mario Praz. Better still, delve into your own mind and find out whether *you* do not attribute to brutality, violence, ruthlessness, egoism, depravity the character of "real" nitty-gritty reality, of an "unblinking" view of truth compared with which the rest pales into a set of nice but "impractical" ideals hanging high up around the walls of one's seldom-used drawing room. Also bear in mind that most people do not live by their own experiences but receive their images and assumptions from our writers, those writers who for three generations have fed us version after version of sick, oversexed, violent, self-seeking, ruthless characters, always protesting that this surely was all there is of man.

Now for the "contracted self"—what a beautifully evocative term—the man who had detached his self from creation, his fellow creatures, from divine grace and from faith, finding himself alone with his reason and inclined to spin out new worlds within himself. Man's relation with reality comes through the paradigmatic experiences of his soul, the experiences of death, birth, love, contrition, friendship. These guidelines were abandoned as the self contracted into the shell of his own mind. Simultaneous with the contraction took place the idolization of this shrunken self: He became Prometheus, his own creator (Marx), the designer of "universal history" (Schiller), the successor of the murdered God (Nietzsche), his own savior from evil (Freud). The "death of God" is not only a fad of contemporary "theologians," it is already found in Hegel and Marx, Nietzsche and Baudelaire. If you incline to shrug off these few as of no consequence, read J. Hillis Miller's *The Disappearance of God*, to see how five great English writers—De Quincey, Browning, Emily Brontë, Matthew Arnold and Gerard Manley Hopkins—found it impossible, much as they wanted to, to overcome their disconnection from God.

All this was Russia's patrimony, too. The Russian intelligentsia had wholly submitted to Western Prometheanism and millenarianism, with Herzen, Belinsky and Chernyshevsky leading on, and only Dostoevsky able to extricate himself from the spiritual mire. All this, in Russia, is now background. The foreground is occupied by the notion of collective man as promoted and cultivated by Soviet officialdom. Here the other half of human motives, the love of self, is denied and repressed, while service to the Party is substituted for the love of God. The moral basis for collectivism is Comte's *altruism*, that substitute for charity in a world without God. With the denial of the soul goes the denial of personal destiny, so human fulfillment is possible to the collectivity alone. This concept of man is propagated not only by "Socialist Realism" in art and literature, but also by every disciplinary measure of the Party and the state. Under such pressure, men and women have great difficulty in seeing each other as persons. The encounter between "I and Thou" becomes extremely rare and is normally replaced by an impersonal coordination of working functions in which human beings appear as a planned "it." People who would normally draw vicarious experiences from literature now may excite themselves over the greatness of the Proletarian Revolution or the beauty of the Five-Year Plan, where we would experience the first view of Yosemite Valley or the budding of spring.

The Other Russia

As we realize how much of a sober view of man has been lost, can we imagine the greatness of Solzhenitsyn's achievement? Let there be no doubt: He grew up in the Wasteland. The kindly lights which guide us on our groping ways were all but extinct even in his soul. The machinery of power, the impersonal mechanism of planned society, the dry-as-dust formulary of ideology surrounded him everywhere, all avenues open to him required the renunciation of God, soul and humanity.

> Here is no water but only rock
> Rock and no water and the sandy road
> The road winding above among the mountains
> . . . . . .
> There is not even solitude in the mountains
> But red sullen faces sneer and snarl . . .

Whence then came to him the power once again to see the fullness of man? None of his characters lacks that fullness. Not just his "good guys" but even his Communists can experience life and respond to it:

> Rubin [the doctrinaire Communist among the prisoners] . . . took a deep breath of the air with its tang of snow, and bending down, he scooped up a large handful of the gleaming white floss at his feet; he rubbed his neck and

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face with it and filled his mouth with it. He felt as though his soul had partaken of the freshness of the world.

Experiences are the touch of life on man's soul: friendship in prison, the wonder of woman, love, the happiness of work. Oleg, on being released from the hospital,

> looked about. This was a young world, turning green. He raised his head. The sky spread out, rosy from the sun rising somewhere behind the horizon. He raised his head higher. A string of feathery clouds—centuries of the finest workmanship had gone into their making—stretched out across the whole sky. . . . This was the morning of Creation! The world was being created anew solely for Oleg's return: Go! Live!

The soul, open to being, senses participation, the Creation is good, and our companions, for better or for worse, are of it too. One has the feeling that the world was being created anew also for Solzhenitsyn whose eye kindled with love takes all in with the radiance of affirmation. The Communists are fellow beings too, they make up part of the society. And, mind you, this is not an abstract, nondescript society, this is Russia, loved and deplored, loved and lamented, but loved all the same, the holy ground of home, the cherished language, the solidness of its simple sons and daughters. On Solzhenitsyn's pages, life is lived above all by men who are lacking in no relationship, whose minds can assess all situations, whose decisions flow from their souls' openness toward above. Everything falls into place. In *August 1914* an ensign and secret Communist argues against Vorotyntsev:

> "Now you're making us carry this corpse, later you'll order us to carry that lieutenant. I can tell from his face that he's a Black Hundreds." "Yes, I shall. At a time like this, Ensign, party political differences are just so many ripples on the water." "Party politics—ripples? . . . What about international politics, then? It's because of that that we're fighting, isn't it? In that case—what differences mean anything at all?" "The difference between decency and swinishness, Ensign," Vorotyntsev snapped back.

In the same work, a conversation between Varsonofiev and a couple of confused students:

> "But is it right to join the army and go to war?" Kotya blinked. "I must say—yes, it is." Varsonofiev nodded emphatically and approvingly. "Why? How can anyone judge?" Varsonofiev unlocked his fingers and spread them in a gesture that embraced the two young men as his equals. "I can't prove it, but I feel it. When the trumpet sounds, a man must be a man, even if merely for his own self-respect. This, too, is something inscrutable . . ." "What about justice?" Sanya put in doggedly. "Yes. But again not our invented justice, which we have simply thought up to fit our convenient earthly paradise. There is a justice which existed before us, without us, and for its own sake. And our task is to *divine* what it is!"

In *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn remarks on his own vocation:

> Aren't writers supposed to teach, to guide? Isn't that what was always thought? And for a country to have a great writer—don't be shocked, I'll whisper it—is like having another government. That's why no régime has ever loved great writers, only minor ones.

One used to say that Poland had two governments, one of the Communist Party, and the other of Cardinal Wyszynski. Now Russia, too, has an authority ranking next to its Party regime, this one a lone man representing all in Russia that is spiritual, right-minded, common-sensed, home-grown. The phenomenon Solzhenitsyn, however, has an importance far transcending Russia. His appearance must be considered one of the great events of our time, of all time. One concluding word is needed: In his books Solzhenitsyn hardly ever mentions God or speaks of religion. He confines himself faithfully to following movements of the human soul, wherever they may lead him, and his work is above all the restoration of man's full image. But for him the path led logically further. In 1971, Solzhenitsyn received his first communion in Russia's Orthodox Church; and during Lent 1972, he addressed a deeply respectful but also deeply concerned letter to Patriarch Pimen, calling on that spiritual head to turn his pastoral attention to the lost sheep of the people of Russia. □

"A People's Democracy that needs its women in the fields, on the docks and in the factories may take a dim view of your idea of Women's Liberation, Anna Petrovna."

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ABORTION AND THE LAW

Equal Protection

RICHARD LANDAU

AT THE CONCLUSION of a high-school ice hockey game at the Boston Garden last March, high-spirited fans tossed a few tons of debris into the air and onto the ice. A few days later, newspapers reported that amid the crumpled paper bags, greasy napkins, programs and hot dog wrappers, custodians had found a dead fetus.

It would be idle to speculate on how it came to be there. But the fact that it was there should come as no surprise at a time of extraordinary public and private ambiguity as to the moral and legal status of the unborn child.

Massachusetts, like many other states, is embroiled annually in a legislative debate as to whether or not its abortion law should be "reformed." The law permits abortion, but only if necessary to preserve the physical or mental health of the mother. Amid the *Sturm und Drang*, neither side has paid attention to a little-publicized decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court that has direct bearing—philosophically if not legally—on some of the issues central to the abortion controversy. The case in question was a civil matter, but the arguments raised bring into sharp focus the basic question: Does a viable fetus have rights under law that are independent of its mother's?

The facts in the case are not exceptional. In 1969, a pregnant woman was being attended by a physician who had been her obstetrician for two previous successful pregnancies. As her third pregnancy was nearing term, she noticed that fetal movement had stopped, which she reported to her physician's partner who was on duty on the day of her visit. He suggested that certain tests be made in a local hospital, but these apparently did not clearly establish whether the fetus was still alive. Not long afterward, the fetus was stillborn.

According to the mother, the physicians had not advised her that she had Rh-negative blood, and, she alleged, they had not taken proper steps to make possible the survival of the baby. The parents, as administrators of the estate of the stillborn infant girl, sued the physicians under the Massachusetts Wrongful Death Statute.

Although common law makes ample provision for recovery of damages for wrongful injury, there is no provision for damages in the case of wrongful death. In most jurisdictions, including Massachusetts, a statute makes up for this gap in common law. In some states, recovery is based on the pecuniary loss suffered by the survivors. Thus, the survivors of a stockbroker could expect to collect more than the survivors of an itinerant handyman, all other things being equal. In Massachusetts and in several other states, however, the statute awards damages on the basis of culpability and is, therefore, essentially punitive.

The parents filed their action under the Wrongful Death Statute in Middlesex County Superior Court. In so doing, they (and their attorneys) were knowingly raising a direct challenge to previous Massachusetts court decisions in cases of this kind. For, in all previous rulings in the Commonwealth, the courts had held that a fetus that is not born alive is not a "person" and its survivors cannot recover damages under the Wrongful Death Statute.

ATTORNEYS FOR the physicians filed a demurrer to the complaint pointing to those prior decisions and arguing that there was no cause of action: The fetus was not a person. The lower court sustained the demurrer and subsequently the Supreme Judicial Court, the Commonwealth's highest tribunal, affirmed the decision of the lower court. Unless the issue is carried into the federal system, then, the status of the fetus under civil law in Massachusetts remains what it was. That is, the fetus is a nonperson.

Although the courts did no more than affirm the status quo, the arguments raised in the briefs touch upon some fascinating issues, not only for Massachusetts, and not only for civil law. And the decision of the higher court, when examined in the context of the briefs, raises more questions than it answers.

The defense brief offered a wide range of arguments as to why the court should refuse to hear the case, each of which was disputed by the plaintiffs. Two of the arguments had a direct bearing on the abortion issue. They are closely related to one another:

1. It is difficult and at times impossible to determine pre-trauma viability of the fetus *in utero*. As a result, the only rule that can be applied without uncertainty is one based exclusively on whether or not there was a live birth.

2. The fetus is not a person prior to birth because it is a part of the mother, and because the commonly understood meaning of the word fetus does not include person, and the legal usage of person does not include fetus.

The court in this case accepted the first argument in its entirety, and, regarding the second, indicated that if the word person is to be applied to a fetus, that determination would have to be made by the legislature and not the courts.

REGARDING the first argument, attorneys for the plaintiffs argued that medicine has made great strides in recent decades, and that viability is no longer as difficult to determine as it once was. Furthermore, they pointed out, holding to *live birth* rather than *viability* as the sole deciding factor in whether a case is actionable could result in anomalies and absurdities. For example, they raised a question posed hypothetically in an earlier Ohio case: Supposing that twins suffered the same prenatal injury, and one died before birth and the other shortly after. Should there be a cause of action for one and not the other?

One could carry the illustrations further. If the unborn children of two women suffered injury as a result of negligence or willful action by another, the fetus that suffered the more serious trauma and that as a result died in the womb would have no rights under law, but the one whose injury was the

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Mr. Landau, a former newspaperman in Ohio, is now at Tufts University.

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LETTER FROM MEXICO (PERSONAL)

An American student learns the hard way that certain safeguards he has taken for granted in the States mean nothing in Mexico— at least, not when it's his word against his landlady's

Seven Days and...

ED VAZQUEZ

"Seven days and they still say *mañana*."
—*Written upon the wall of the deportation jail, Mexico City.*

IF YOU HAVE an argument with the landlady in a rooming house at which you happen to be staying, and she takes it quite to heart, then normally you leave as soon as your period of payment expires. Or perhaps, if she's really angry, she gives you back your money, and you look for another home forthwith. There is one more alternative: If it happens in Mexico you go to jail. I speak from the depths of experience, for I have recently completed a sojourn in the deportation cell of the *Ministerio de la Gobernación* in Mexico City.

At first I lived more or less harmoniously in the boarding house owned by Señora Gutierrez. Then I chanced to have a rather acrimonious discussion with her over money I claimed to have paid, and which she denied having received, during the course of which I threatened to complain to the Mexican Tourist Bureau.

At dinner that evening, the Señora joined us guests at the table (a rare honor) loaded down with papers, letters, postcards and newspaper clippings. The correspondence, which consisted almost exclusively of form letters, was dutifully spread out for all to see. It came from various people in the Mexican government. President Luis Echeverría, the governor of Oaxaca, the Merchant of Venice, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost had all sent their felicitations to the Señora. She passed all of these things over to me and solemnly intoned:

"Whenever I need any of these people, they are all at my service."

Now imagine yourself seated at the

dinner table in a boarding house in The Bronx. You have just had words with the owner when out she promenades flashing an autographed picture of President Nixon making V for victory with both hands. She then informs you that if you do not behave yourself, Henry Kissinger will kidnap you and stuff you into those heating ducts in Washington just before they blow up. What would you do?

WHAT I did was to laugh; hysterically and uncontrollably until tears came to my eyes and I had to excuse myself. I walked upstairs to my room. A loud knock upon my door, and in stormed the Señora. I was the most insolent, insulting, obnoxious young man she had ever met, and I had precisely one day to remove myself from her tranquil abode, never to darken her door again with my odious presence. I told her that I would be delighted to darken someone else's door if she would only give me back my rent, which she agreed to do.

I returned from school the next morning to find my landlady seated in the living room with two gentlemen who reminded me of the characters who used to guard Al Capone on *The Untouchables*. The Señora rose from her chair and, pointing her finger at my face, exclaimed:

"There he is!"

"Are you Edward Vazquez?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'm from *Gobernación*, may I see your entry documents?"

"Not until I see your credentials," I said.

AT THIS POINT the second goon spoke up:

"You'd better cooperate with us, you're in trouble as it is."

I asked again to see their credentials. As if someone had pushed a button, they simultaneously snatched out their wallets, opened them and shut them again before I could notice their names or numbers. Then the head goon proclaimed to all the world my manifold sins, all enumerated on an official-looking paper that I was not allowed to see. I had given scandal to my landlady's happy home and had inflicted extreme mental anguish upon her by means of the following depraved deeds: 1) playing my radio at an irresponsible level (I don't own a radio); 2) singing at all hours of the day and night (I set my alarm clock for 3 A.M. and then croon "*O Sole Mio*" at the top of my lungs); 3) walking about my room naked, shocking the entire neigh-

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borhood (what the hell is the entire neighborhood doing peeping in my window?); 4) having wild parties (in the one small room I share with a middle-aged Mexican) during which I drink and smoke marijuana (presumably at the same time); and 5) continually insulting and abusing the Señora, and when requested to leave, demanding money for exiting myself (*my* money, which I had paid her for the following month).

"Have you anything to say about this?" asked Goon Number Two.

"Yes," I said, "I'd prefer being burned at the stake."

At which, Goon Number One jumped from his seat and bellowed:

"Get all of your baggage and get into the car, you're coming with us."

"Listen, friend," I began, "you two may really scare the hell out of some poor guy who's picking tomatoes without a license, but you don't worry me in the least. My papers are in perfect order, and I'm not going anywhere with you two. And if you think," I said turning to my landlady, "that by bringing these two thugs down here that you're going to squirm out of the rent money you owe me, you're out of your mind."

"You'll either come with us of your own free will or we'll take you by force," said Goon Number Two.

"Do you have a warrant?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

"My authority."

"Well you can take your authority, and your invisible warrant, and shove it." With that Goon Number One advanced toward me. While I, having been sufficiently angered, was preparing to bash him in the face, Goon Number Two opened his jacket to show me a .38 caliber revolver. It had a very tranquilizing effect.

THEY DUMPED me and my luggage into a dilapidated old car which bore no official markings, and drove me to a ramshackle grey building God knows where. They threw all of my bags onto the sidewalk, and then ordered me to pick them up and follow them. The stuff weighs 120 pounds (I know because I shudder whenever the airlines weigh it) but I managed somehow to pick it all up. They had me walk up a flight of stairs, and then ordered me to leave my bags in a grimy little office. I asked for a receipt. Uh-uh. When I said I wasn't moving without a receipt they dragged me upstairs to another office where I sat for an hour while they played with my passport and tourist card. I picked up the telephone on the desk where they had left me, and began to dial the U.S. Embassy when one of them came back and cut me off.

"I want to make a phone call," I sputtered impotently, "I have a right to contact my embassy."

"You have no right to do anything," he told me.

The second goon returned and the pair escorted me across the street to a photographer who took my picture. Back to the first building and into a small hallway with the door slammed and locked behind me.

THE passageway was about twenty feet long, and so narrow that two men could not pass. There were seven or eight wooden chairs and five men. The hall was filthy. The toilet, located in a tiny alcove at the front of the hall, had backed up God knows when, and was giving off an indescribable odor. The five other prisoners looked up at me and one said:

"*Bienvenido a Mexico, amigo.*"

"Anybody know the number of the ACLU?" I said, more to buoy my own spirits than anything else.

They gazed at me a mite bewildered while I sat down heavily upon one of the disintegrating chairs, driving a splinter into my behind. I had been there five hours (an exiguous period of time; the man next to me was completing his tenth day) when I finally asked:

"When the hell do we get out of here?"

"What nationality are you?"

"American."

"Oh, they'll take care of you fast then."

"That's right," said another, "only about a week."

They told me I was in a cell for those awaiting immediate deportation from Mexico, and my fellow internees were all Central Americans, from Guatemala and El Salvador, who had either allowed their entry permits to lapse or had never bothered obtaining them in the first place. Internees were brought here at nine every morning, and taken back to another room to sleep at 11:30 P.M. No food was given to anyone between those hours. At six in the morning, a cup of black coffee and a stale roll was served. Once or twice a day, depending upon the benevolence of his mood, an old janitor would meander in to ask if anyone would like a sandwich or a Coke. It cost you double. When you ran out of money you didn't eat. One boy who had been there ten days told me he hadn't eaten in four (save for the morning coffee and roll).

BY 9:30 P.M. I had been jailed for almost ten hours, and was beginning to go stir crazy. I started reading the graffiti on the walls. In English one read: "Seven days and still they say *mañana*." Another: "Beware of *mañana* and *ahorita*, they may take the rest of your life." And everywhere, in Spanish and in English: "Your consulate is here to *help* you."

At 10:45, one of the goons opened the door:

"*Quién es Vázquez?*"

"*Yo soy Señor Vázquez*," I intoned, regaining my righteous indignation of hours before. He beckoned me to follow him up two flights of stairs to a desk in the back of a busy room where I was told to sit down. At another desk to my right sat a middle-aged man barking orders into a telephone. On his desk were two kilos of marijuana, my passport and tourist card. It took me several minutes to connect those three things, but when I did I became as frightened as ever I've been in my life. I couldn't stop thinking of a long article I had read in the *Wall Street Journal* about a great many Americans who had run afoul of Mexican law. A favorite trick of the authorities it said, was to plant marijuana on young Americans traveling in the country. Since anyone trying to extort money from me would get about 35 cents, I could look forward to spending the next three to nine years in a Mexican prison.

At last, the man on the phone finished his conversation, turned to one of his underlings and said: "Here is the marijuana that Señor Ramirez wanted, take it to him immediately."

Then he turned to me and began his interrogation: "Do you speak Spanish?"

"Yes."

Mr. Vazquez is a student at Columbia University.

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"How long have you lived in Mexico?"

"A month and a half."

"Have you enjoyed your stay here?"

"Until recently."

"I asked you that question because I sent two of my inspectors down to see you, and you treated them as though they were dogs."

"Look, I want to know why I'm here, and with what I'm charged."

"You are here because of your insolence to my men."

I could see him building up to a fit of authoritarian pique which would eventually land me back in the cell for Lord knew how long. I tried to think of what I could say or do to convince him that such action would be unwise, when I remembered that I had a press card from NATIONAL REVIEW in my wallet. Having nothing to lose I brandished it and began impressing upon him what an incredibly powerful and influential personage I was. I described how outraged Mr. Buckley would be when he learned of such treatment to a member of his staff. I then began rattling off the names of other stellar personalities who were at my beck and call: President Nixon, U Thant, the U.S. ambassador to Mexico, Mao Tse-tung—anyone who sounded impressive. Sitting there in my torn dungarees and T shirt, wearing the sunglasses I'd had on when arrested and which at 11 P.M. were giving me one hell of a headache, with a week's growth of beard on my face and a dollar in my pocket, I must have been a ridiculous sight. However the press card must have given me just enough credibility to cause my jailer to moderate his tone considerably. The interrogation continued, but with the roles reversed:

"Are you going to answer me or not? I demand to know the charge against me."

"You are obliged, as a foreigner, to respect the authorities of this country, and it is apparent by your conduct that . . ."

"Just a minute. When you say that I am obliged to respect your authorities, that means that I have a duty not to violate any of your laws. Cite me a single law that I've broken, and you can throw me back into that jail for the rest of my life."

"This is not a question of laws broken."

"Then you admit that my papers are in perfect order and that I haven't violated any of your laws?"

"Yes, that's correct."

"Then what right had you to send those two men to evict me from a room which I had paid for, and to arrest me?"

"You weren't arrested. If you had been arrested, you would be in jail."

"Where the hell do you think I've been, the Holiday Inn?"

"I'm warning you that if you continue to lose your temper, you just may have trouble with the police. Now get your things, you may leave."

"I just want you to know one thing, I've no intention of letting this drop. I'm going to my embassy tomorrow. You people have far exceeded your authority."

"Look, why do you want trouble? We like to have tourists here, but we want them to respect our authorities."

"May I leave?"

"I just said you could."

I really think the bastard expected me to thank him. I picked up my passport and walked out. Downstairs Goon Number Two was waiting, and, presuming that I was there for an extended visit, opened the door to the cell with an expansive grin. Turning to the man who had accompanied me downstairs I said, "Tell him not to look so happy. I'm leaving."

I walked into the cell to pick up my coat and traveling bag and found that my cellmates had piled my books and my chess set neatly beside my bag. I gave them all the Spanish language books I had, my chess set and, after taking cab fare for myself, what little money I had left.

As I was preparing to leave I was told that if I returned to the house from which I had been evicted I would be arrested once again and treated much more harshly.

It was nearly midnight, I had 80 cents in my pocket and no place to stay, and the banks were closed for the next two days. I had been cheated out of $200 (two months' rent at $80 a month, plus the forty odd dollars I would spend in hotel bills while I found another place), arrested and jailed for thirteen hours with no charge, no warrant, nothing, and I had no recourse save to go to the U.S. consulate, which I did the next day, and listened to the vice consul tell me there was absolutely nothing that could be done.

HE EXPLAINED, no doubt for the hundredth time, that the Mexican constitution accorded foreigners the same rights as Mexican citizens, with one exception: that any alien may, at any time, and for any reason whatsoever, or for no reason at all, be deported.

"What probably happened in your case," the vice consul explained, "and what generally happens whenever a Mexican has trouble with a foreigner, is that the Mexican (in your case the owner of that boarding house) simply goes down to *Gobernación*, pays someone, and a couple of musclemen come down and take care of you. You're lucky; normally you're deported."

He then told me that I could hire a private lawyer if I liked, but it would be far more costly than any money I could hope to collect from it, and in any event, more likely than not, before the matter was litigated I would find myself on a plane to the United States.

"Are there any extralegal means?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, "if you're a friend of the President of Mexico or the director of *Gobernación*. And," he added, "if you can afford a $1,000 bribe."

At this stage I was lucky to be able to afford bus fare to school, and my only official friends are the two thugs from *Gobernación* who may be knocking on my door again if I don't behave. People wonder why there are guerrillas here. If I were a Mexican citizen I'd be off to the Sierras right now, whistling "*La Cucaracha*." □

On the Times (c. 1450)

Now is England all in fight;
Many folk of conscience light;
Many knights and little might;
Many laws and little right;
Many acts of Parliament
And few kept with true intent;
Little love and faithfulness;
Many a gallant penniless;
Many a wonderful disguising
Of zeal and false advertising;
Great oration and small wages;
Many gentlemen and few pages;
Wide gowns and expansive sleeves;
Many prosperous young thieves;
Much boast of new-fangled clothes,
And no lack of foul-mouthed oaths.

(Slightly modernized.)

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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THE "NEW NAVY"

Sabotage and protests and clenched fists in the Navy*?*
Nobody should be surprised, says the author—after all, the men
are on tenterhooks fighting a war that's "over"—
but something should, and can, be done

Militants at Sea

LT. JOHN PAUL JONES

RECENT racial incidents aboard Pacific Fleet ships have been most unsettling to old salts and to all who had been lulled into a state of complacency from seeing the Navy remain calm while the Army was plagued by fraggings, refusals to obey orders, investigations of massacres and corruption, and other scandalous events during the Vietnam conflict. Now that that conflict is approaching its end, the Navy is having to bear most of the load of our commitment in Southeast Asia; and the burden has proven too much in some cases. Crews of destroyers find themselves at general quarters at all hours of the day conducting shore bombardments of enemy installations; the men of the carriers are at flight quarters for long periods as aircraft attack targets further inland; the increased level of operations also places a heavier burden on the crews of oilers and other support ships. The work is tedious, hours are long, tensions are great. Under such circumstances, the weak links quickly make their presence known.

Although "psychological demobilization"—recognition that the war is *all but* over—is widespread among the civilian population and in the lower ranks of the military, men of the Pacific Fleet still find themselves engaging in, or training vigorously for, operations in a war that could end at any moment. Under such circumstances, demoralization and unrest would appear to be inevitable. Nevertheless, disturbances have been few, considering the number of ships and men in the Fleet, and have been confined almost entirely to black sailors. One suspects, then, that the present high level of operations simultaneous with widespread psychological demobilization is not the cause of disturbances, but merely the occasion that has brought them to the surface.

Although some protestors have raised the question of working conditions, the issue which has caused the greatest commotion has been "racial discrimination." Some black sailors claim they are victims of discrimination with respect to job assignments, quarterly evaluation grades and discipline. Some whites agree that the system of naval discipline does, in fact, discriminate with respect to blacks—in favor of them, not against them. These whites feel that infractions of discipline which might bring them before the Captain are tolerated when the perpetrators are black; that commanders are reluctant to impose discipline when charges of discrimination might make waves.

Because the government considers itself an equal opportunity employer, the matter of discrimination over job assignments is a touchy one. The black protestors are, by and large, sailors with less than a year in the service. A very large proportion of them are, in fact, assigned to menial occupations—which does not demonstrate the existence of discrimination against blacks. Most job categories—"ratings"—for Navy enlisted men involve technologically sophisticated duties requiring well-trained personnel. The Navy trains its men for technical duties, but picks them for that training on the basis of aptitude and prior educational experience. American blacks, for assorted socio-economic reasons, have a lower educational level than American whites. A recruit with little mechanical aptitude and no schooling beyond, say, the ninth grade is unlikely to be accepted into an advanced training program. Neither is a man with good mechanical aptitude who also lacks education. Budget limitations preclude massive efforts to teach recruits the rudiments of physics, geometry and other high-school subjects.

Operation Objectivity

The only place for the undereducated in the Navy is on the deck force, doing routine chores like painting, chipping paint, maintaining ground tackle, or scraping barnacles from the hull. Indeed, such duties are customarily assigned to all recruits reporting aboard ship, save the graduates of advanced training schools, on the theory that "you can't become a specialist before you become a seaman." Because about half a year is spent in the deck force before a man is allowed to train on-the-job for a special rate, it is about a year

"Lt. Jones" is a naval lieutenant in the Ready-Reserve.

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before the recruit who does not go directly to a training school from boot camp generally becomes involved with the occupation group or rate in which he will stay for the remainder of his naval career.

When the sailor is about to go into advanced on-the-job rate training, the discretion of superiors is the widest and the opportunities for discrimination are seemingly the greatest. The sailor wanting to go into such training must request a transfer to the unit of the ship, or division which specializes in his rate. If he is to make it, there must be a vacancy in the division for which he applies (manpower is allotted by strict manning documents which dictate the number of men and precise specialties within the rates allowed on board). If a vacancy exists, he must meet certain minimum standards set by the Bureau of Naval Personnel; a man who has trouble reading cannot expect to be assigned to the ship's office. Then, he must not be essential in the deck force; if the boot camps are not turning out enough recruits to man the deck force, the demands of the specialized divisions must be balanced with the needs of the deck force.

Finally, the discretion of the individual's division officer is needed. Here the opportunity for discrimination, in theory great, is in practice small. The decision is usually made by the junior officer in charge of the division, with the advice of the division's leading petty officer. If either of the two is a redneck racist, the one would likely convince the other, or try to convince him, to get rid of the black sailor seeking transfer by letting him go into the division for which he has applied. On the other hand, the division officer is often a product of our liberal university system, anxious to do his job and thoroughly conscientious. The petty officer is not likely to risk his pension by opposing liberal policies of the "new Navy" and so will not interject any racial feelings he may have. The greatest likelihood is that both will seek what is best for the Navy; and the good of the service demands the most efficient allocation of available manpower.

But there is another factor in the decision to grant a requested transfer: performance grades, the third major target of the protestors. Performance grades are issued semi-annually (despite the retention of the traditional term "quarterly marks"). They reflect a man's work on the job, military appearance and behavior, ability to get along with others, and leadership ability. Their purpose is to provide a record of performance for the benefit of the evaluator and supervisors of the sailor at commands to which he is subsequently transferred. The forms are kept in the man's service record, and on his re-enlistment the sheets are removed, a new record is made up for local use, and he is allowed to start again with a "clean slate," with previous minor infractions forgotten (if there are major infractions, one usually is not allowed to re-enlist). The forms specify that a man is to be graded only in relation to others having equivalent pay grade and experience, and division officers are constantly reminded to be scrupulously fair in grading. It would appear, then, that every attempt is made to make performance grades as objective as possible.

'Bad Attitudes'

The protesting black sailors complain that the system, as it functions, is racist. There is no reason, aptitude aside, why an individual assigned to a job should be disadvantaged in competition with others performing the same function. There are only two ways to swab a deck, the right way and the wrong way. There are only two ways to wear a uniform or conduct oneself in relation to superiors. One can be a friend to one's shipmates, or one can be hostile, a good leader of the two or twenty men under his supervision or no leader at all.

At bottom, the difference between the best sailor and the worst and all those in between lies in attitude. What sets off the poor performer is that he exhibits what is called in military parlance "bad attitude." Such individuals are found in all organizations, military or civilian. "Bad attitude" has nothing to do with race, except insofar as the attitudes of the individual represent acculturated phenomena. In the case at hand, black militancy and the attitudes it encourages, and the requirements of the Navy, are in conflict.

There is no great conflict of interest between the Navy and the black *qua* black. Blacks have risen to positions of responsibility following President Truman's 1947 desegregation order. The Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps has expanded onto the campuses of predominantly black colleges in an attempt to persuade black college graduates to try the Navy as a career. Militants will respond that the white Navy establishment tolerates blacks only so long as they remain "in their place." When a black man achieves something in the Navy, militants brand him an Uncle Tom, one who has bought into white middle-class society in betrayal of his "brothers." What is the "Uncle Tom" but one who sees his own place within a system and then, to improve that position, works hard within the system, and remains loyal to it? Such virtues may be characteristic of white middle-class society, but by no stretch of the imagination are they uniquely Caucasian or uniquely bourgeois.

The values of black militants, when carried to the extreme they are now, are inimical to the well-being of the United States Navy. That is not saying that the Navy is on the verge of collapse; it is saying that it does not function quite as well as it has in the recent past. The problem is more personal and cultural than it is organizational; therefore such panaceas as appointing "minority affairs advisers" to all ships will do little to help.

The repression of blacks as slaves, and later as the victims of Jim Crow, effectively silenced them. When the lid was finally taken off and blacks were rid of the onus of second-class citizenship, militancy was inevitable. When the burdens are eased, as in France in 1789 or Hungary in 1956, those that remain become intolerable; the threshold of pain falls drastically. In the case of blacks, behavior from whites which once was accepted becomes the subject of protest. Whites may commit intolerable actions unconsciously on account of traditional behavior patterns, with no malice intended.

Also because the threshold of tolerance is markedly lower, militants are able to capitalize on the feelings of their followers in order to make their own gains. When militant leaders argue that a person or an action is prejudicial to the group, peer pressure is a powerful lever to coax along those not militantly inclined. The existence of such peer-group pressure is attested to by the frequent comment by white sailors that "So-and-So is a great guy in private, but not when he's with the soul brothers."

The black sailor who comes under the influence of militants is hardly en-

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couraged to be a model sailor. The military traditionally encourages short hair (although it is no longer mandatory in the Navy); the sailor who falls short of the desired norm in grooming standards is not likely to be anxious to wear a clean, pressed uniform and shined shoes. There goes the military appearance evaluation grade. Nor do the militant peers encourage their followers to render smart, snappy salutes to officers or move in quick obedience to the orders of senior enlisted men. The military bearing or behavior grade thus is taken care of. Grades on cooperation, leadership and the like are similarly torpedoed. In the end, therefore, when militants complain that blacks aboard ship are victimized by low performance grades, with adverse consequences for job assignment and promotion, they are protesting a situation which they themselves helped to create.

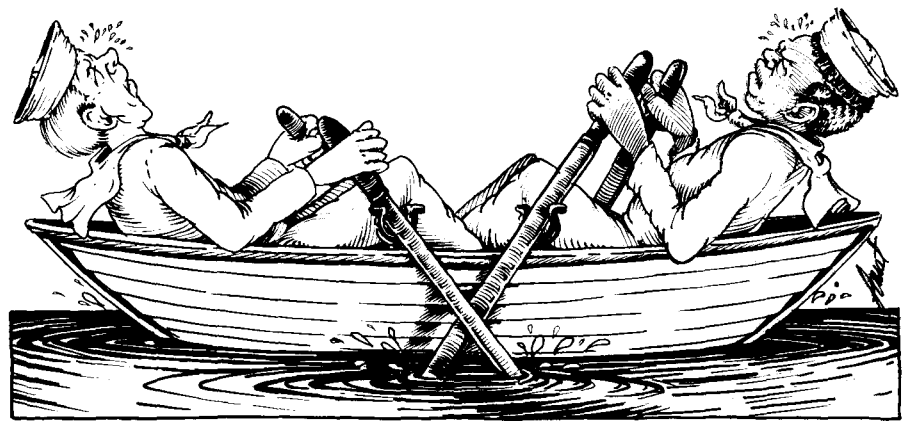
Call in the Marines

But it would be too easy to blame the situation in the Navy merely on the power of black militants. Their influence is great but not total; their followers retain some individuality. Were the black sailors mindless automatons, the problems now faced by the Pacific Fleet would be much greater than they are and there would have been many more incidents of protest and sabotage.

While the color of his skin renders the black sailor an easy target for militant organizers, his socio-economic situation goes far to explain *why* he goes along with the militants. As I have noted, the black who was forced to drop out of high school will be at a disadvantage when it is determined who is qualified to go on to advanced schooling. The Navy cannot educate every dropout recruit, but it will help those who wish to help themselves. But most educational services officers who have launched ambitious projects to assist crewmen to get high-school equivalency diplomas have encountered apathy. Many sailors complain about their station in life, but few do anything about it; they tend to drop out of classes that would earn them a high-school diploma and open the door to specialized training and a higher rating.

Such lumpenproletarians might easily be radicalized and led into the acts of protest and sabotage which presently plague the Pacific Fleet; that the incidents have been relatively few suggests that they are not so pliable. One can hope that the white and black lumpenproletariat will prove as inert to the radicals as they have been to idealistic reformers, but no struggle is won by hoping. Positive action, besides and in addition to the appointing of minority affairs assistants, must be undertaken.

In an article in the November 1972 *Proceedings* of the United States Naval Institute, John E. McGlone III makes the comment that "a ship's detachment of Marines could have an effect all out of proportion to their numbers." He was referring to the decision to split up the Confederate Marines during the Civil War in order to improve the effectiveness of the Confederate Navy, but the same comment could be made with reference to our own Navy. A squad of Marines under a tough gunnery sergeant could serve as the gun crew on any naval vessel and double as its master-at-arms force. As semi-outsiders, the Marines could be the instruments of enforcing a harder discipline, a style of life which would deprive radical agitators of the freedom of action which is necessary to their operation.



Enforcing strict discipline, it will be charged, cannot succeed in rendering militants powerless, because "an idea cannot be crushed by the boot," and besides, such "repression" and firm discipline would be "at odds with the ideals of a democratic society." Of course no idea per se can be snuffed out by force, but insofar as the vitality of some ideas is a function of power relationships, the lack of power of the advocates of an idea tends to discredit the idea itself. Where militants can be shown to be powerless by the enforcement of legitimate discipline, they will lose their constituents. As to the second objection, an enlightened society may with justice demand a rigid discipline from those in service to it. But then we must consider the likelihood that few outside of the lumpenproletariat, beyond the fringes of prosperity and affluence, will be attracted to the military. A military composed almost solely of such social elements would be attractive to the militants despite the discipline. One is led, in the end, to see the wisdom of conscripting the ranks of the military from the population at large.

Some Reforms

The demoralization of the military is a product of the unpopularity of the military on account of the Vietnam war. When the war is over, the military ceases to grab the headlines, and draftees stand less of a risk of getting killed, morale will rise (it is rising already). If the Navy is plagued by poor performers who joined only to avoid the infantry, the end of the war will bring on a higher proportion of less basely motivated personnel. Thus if considerations of morale and the effects of morale on efficiency have influenced the decision to end the draft, a reconsideration of the decision is in order.

The reformation of the military herein suggested does not reduce itself to keeping the draft and forcing the troops to get haircuts every week. A revival of firm discipline would create an atmosphere in which radicals and dissidents of all colors would find it almost impossible to employ their tactics; it would rob them of their freedom to operate, and thereby discredit them and their ideologies. By reviving the psychology in which discipline and patriotism are valued positively, the military will go far in coming out of its own wartime depression. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Unpermissive Society

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

PRECISELY WHY society today should be described as "permissive" is far from clear. What is and what is not permitted by the social climate of a particular period inevitably changes, but the England of 1972 is in many respects far less permissive than England in the first decade of this century, the England of my youth.

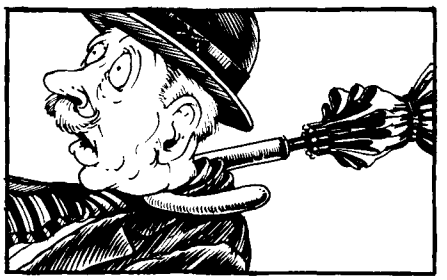
There has been far less change in sexual permissiveness than is generally assumed. Some of the younger and less-informed champions of our miscalled permissive society appear to believe that in the Victorian and Edwardian ages, a young man who was detected in a liaison would meet with universal condemnation. All that interested the more dissolute of the friends of my youth was the permission not of society but of the particular young woman who was the object of their discreditable intentions.

Even in our enlightened age importance is still sometimes attached to virginity in a bride, particularly in aristocratic families, for it might still cause some uneasiness to Lord Wellborn to discover that his mother was pregnant when she married his father, and that he is in fact the son of Mr. Snooks. Fortunately the pillfare state has greatly reduced such miscarriages of titles.

In general, modern England is less permissive than the England of my youth, notably in the increasing restriction on free speech. Before the First World War there was far less talked in England about democracy than there is today. We took parliamentary government for granted in countries enlightened enough to govern themselves, but it was liberalism rather than democracy which was the accepted criterion, and liberalism was not necessarily identified with a Liberal political party but with freedom of speech and with freedom of opinion. Many who voted Conservative never questioned the basic premise of liberalism in its general rather than in its party sense.

In the permissive society of my youth the Oxford and Cambridge Union debating societies often provided the champions of unpopular views with an opportunity to state their cases. This liberal tradition was not extinct even in the late Thirties. The Nationalist cause in the Spanish Civil War was very unpopular in the England of 1937, but I was invited by the Cambridge Union to defend the Nationalists, and won the debate by a narrow margin, instead of losing it, as I had expected, by a wide margin.

Mr. Enoch Powell, a Member of Parliament, was recently invited by the Oxford Union Society, of which I was once the secretary, to defend his policy. It is the white leftists rather than the blacks themselves who are his main opponents, for the overwhelming majority of blacks know that their difficulty in being socially accepted would



be aggravated by a great increase of immigration. It is only those, to quote Burke, "who are so preoccupied with the rights of man that they have totally forgotten his nature," who still demand unlimited immigration. Mr. Powell's second proposal, that the British government should finance the homeward journey of any immigrant who wished to return to his native land, could hardly be described as damaging to the immigrant interests. Both Mr. Powell's supporters and all but the less intelligent of his opponents welcomed the debate, but the invitation to Mr. Powell had to be withdrawn because of the threat by extreme leftists to destroy the Union library with a plastic bomb.

A graduate of a famous American university recently told me with great satisfaction that an American scientist, the author of a book in which he had argued that the black races were culturally inferior to the white races, had been shouted down and refused a hearing, after having been invited to address one of the undergraduate societies at my friend's university. Racial differences raise scientific problems that should be dispassionately discussed, and it is characteristic of our unpermissive society that what is, in effect, the censorship of science should be applauded. The proper course was to insist that time should also be provided for the ablest available supporter of the arguable thesis that the cultural contribution in the past of the white and black races was primarily due to climate, and that there is no reason to suppose that the descendants of Negroes in America or in England will not produce a proper proportion of talented citizens.

The racial problem in our day provides ample evidence of the modern illusion that noble sentiments are an adequate substitution for noble actions. I have a very sincere admiration for those who are devoting time, and often money as well, to the problem of breaking down the social barriers between the native British and the black immigrants, but I often ask those who are indulging in violent denunciation of South African apartheid how many blacks they themselves have invited to a meal in their own homes.

The verbal restrictions imposed on our vocabulary by our unpermissive society may broadly be divided into the secular and the theological. To use two words instead of one, or a long word in place of a short word appears to be desirable. In my youth Christians and agnostics sometimes *argued*. Now they indulge in "meaningful dialogue." The Anglican Bishop of Southwark, in an entertaining letter to the *Times* (London), wrote, "If I question the views of an avant-garde curate, I do so because I am 'vulnerable' and 'feel threatened.' "

Four-letter words are in, and those useful three-letter words, "God" and "sin," are out. We now know that what have hitherto been described as "sin" and "crime" are diseases for which psychoanalysis rather than punishment and prison is the correct treatment. □

Sir Arnold's career as skier, mountaineer, author and theologian is recounted in his autobiography Unskilled for So Long.

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RUSSELL KIRK

Why College?

COLLEGE AND university enrollments, generally speaking, are somewhat smaller this year than they were last; on some campuses, big new dormitories stand virtually empty. There is no prospect that enrollments will boom again. What with the declining American birth-rate, indeed, in another decade there may be many empty buildings at the typical college—even supposing that motives for enrollment do not diminish still more sharply.

Those motives have been shrinking for some years. A recent study by the Opinion Research Corporation shows that only 64 per cent of the American public now believes expenditure for higher education to be desirable—as compared with 88 per cent a decade ago. Only 35 per cent of those polled recommend higher expenditures through taxation for "higher education"—contrasting with 61 per cent a decade past. Still more striking, in response to the inquiry whether it is well to have so many students in colleges, the negative responses have increased nearly 600 (that's right, six hundred) per cent in a decade.

A quarter of a century ago, the most popular argument in favor of sending young people to college was that they would earn far more money, in the long run, if they obtained college diplomas. But in recent years this salt has lost its savor.

On the surface, this put-money-in-thy-purse argument seems as sound as it ever was (which isn't very sound). Among men who earned more than $15,000 in 1971, the median level of education was 15.2 years—that is, the equivalent of more than three years of college. In sedentary occupations, with incomes of $15,000 or more, the median was 16.3 years of schooling—or part of a year of study beyond the bachelor's degree. On the other hand, the poorest-paid employed people, earning less than $4,000, had an educational median of 8.7 years, or less than a year of high school.

Doesn't this prove that if you attend college, you will be rewarded lucratively? No, it doesn't. All it shows is that formerly, anyway, young people of intelligence and energy tended to enroll in colleges; while young people less intelligent and energetic tended not to enroll. If all higher studies had been abolished, and nobody at all had been awarded college degrees, still the young people with intelligence and energy would have prospered materially in their mature years, and young people of limited talents would have done less well, in terms of lifelong income. College studies, in short, were the consequence of superior abilities.

Probably most Americans have become painfully aware, at last, that the notion of riches-by-diploma is a fallacy promulgated by empire-building educationists. The sad rosters of unemployed recent graduates have exploded this delusion. Only law schools are swollen with students and turning away many applicants—and that, in large part, because so many young lawyers are employed by government or by firms and people who have troubles with government.

Another reason why public enthusiasm for the learning allegedly higher has diminished is this: A great many of the recent inmates of our colleges and universities have become distinctly unlike the image of the collegian which had drifted through parents' fancies. The typical parents thought that college would polish their offspring, teach them manners, improve their morals, give them a veneer of polite culture, and make them eligible for membership in some country club. (This delusion was especially strong among parents who never had belonged to country clubs.)

The present reality was described to me recently by a girl attending a state university in Michigan—one of the more peaceful institutions. She sticks mostly to her books during term, but on holidays finds herself in company with crowds of collegians from a diversity of campuses, getting together for hometown sociability. As a body, my informant finds, these scholars are lascivious, anti-intellectual, unkempt, mannerless, drunken and often addicted to narcotics. Nobody would want them in the country club—and they'd not want to be there, either. "Parents send their sons and daughters to college to be debauched," says this girl—who's no country-clubber.

It is not good to sit about the teenage ghetto of the dorms, idle and bored, for four years or longer. Among young people who are unable or unwilling to receive such culture as the typical college has to offer, naturally the counterculture arises. That's the consequence of thrusting into college a great mass of young people who don't wish to be there, really, but enroll because of social, economic and parental pressures—and, until recently, because of the draft. Some of those people may acquire a taste for learning later in life; but right now they should be given the order of release.

WHAT TO DO with them? A good many parents write to me inquiring what college they should choose for Dick or Jane. Their children, some parents confide, didn't do at all well in high school, fell in with bad companions, and have no particular intellectual interests. Where should they enroll? Who will polish these rough diamonds?

I suggest to such correspondents that for their children, almost *anything* might be preferable to college. No longer does higher study confer marked social or economic benefits; certainly it does not improve morals and manners. A few decent colleges survive, and some are improving; but a tolerable intellectual and moral discipline is precisely what Dick and Jane don't intend to acquire.

Emancipate Dick and Jane. Let them go to work somewhere; apprentice them, if possible, to some decent trade or profession; or if a little money is available, let them travel abroad, preferably with some general object in view. Let them release their energies. But don't labor under the illusion that four more years of confinement to classrooms—after twelve or thirteen years of compulsory attendance already—will turn them into little plaster saints. Most of them want out, and most of them are right. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Moscow Circus

A woman climbs the high ladder: not even slowly. She runs up. Hell, the trick probably bores her. There's a dagger in her mouth—right? Get this, friend: a sword is balanced point to point on the dagger's tip. Enough? On the sword hilt she's balanced a tray with four glasses of red wine. I simply do not believe it possible. Her name is Veronika Birina: if she did this act for the Virgin Mary's statue—as the old joke goes—believe me, the Virgin would *not* have tiptoed down to say, "Don't call us, we'll call you." The Virgin would have tiptoed down to give her the pedestal. It's a miracle. Up the ladder, in baggy pantsuit no less, hook on a rung by one pinky toenail, hang down. The wine's surface isn't even troubled. Man, you don't send the second string to America. Veronika bows. On the way out she spills some wine—just in case you thought the glasses were painted red. My eldest son, in astonishment, has crushed his Cracker Jack to a horrid ball. "Boy," he says. "Can you do that, Daddy?" I most decidedly cannot. I'd be hard pressed to do what bears and dogs can do in the Moscow Circus.

They are trained, trained, trained. The level of professionalism is—well, it's frightening: from the most sophisticated gymnast to the smallest dog bipedaling it in a tutu. The Moscow Circus is state-supported; there are circus schools. It is their self-expression. Circus has the popularity that baseball has here, with most valuable performer awards, with acrobat and equestrian rookies coming up in the farm system. The only way, more or less, that Russians can make an Iron Curtain call—can get out, buy a good cheap pair of American pantyhose, dodge the hookers in Times Square. Heck—in a nation where you can't write novels or worship comfortably—even I'd probably start working out on a unicycle. Only once did I see an error: Sergei Ignatov, the Willie Mays of jugglers, bobbled two hoops in a difficult trick. Death passed over his face: no more pantyhose. He succeeded a second time, and the Felt Forum crowd gave him its warmest applause of the afternoon. We were relieved to see fallibility. Later though . . . think I saw Ignatov pushing a mop behind two nervous bears.

And then there's Oleg Popov, "World Famous Clown." He's superb: a juggler, an acrobat, a mime; he stands on the slack wire, spinning hoops with hands and feet like some mad discobolus, a washtub balanced on his head. He recapitulates, in small, the entire circus. Only trouble is—as my eldest son said, frowning—"He's not funny." Oh, now and again, Popov will condescend to kick another clown in the rear. Occasionally someone's pants will droop to half mast. It's an enlightening contrast. Popov is the youngest man ever to receive the "coveted" title "People's Artist of the Russian Federated Republic." People's artist: that's likely to give anyone cancer of the funny bone. Humor is a serious business in the USSR. Slapstick and the absurd are dangerous: they liberate. You won't follow a THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS sign in the Moscow Circus. The clown is a performer, trained, trained, trained.

No explosion of midgets from a Volkswagen. No crazy fire departments. No silly trick cars. A nation is known by its sense of humor. For some reason the Germans couldn't laugh at Hitler. Popov dresses conservatively: tie, vest, striped diplomatic trousers—a young copywriter at BBD&O perhaps. He uses no mask (most Soviet clowns don't). He has what I call Viennese teeth—many, tiny incisors—typical somehow of Eastern Europeans. According to the program Popov is an "everyman" character. In the Soviet Union, who isn't? He is compared to Emmett Kelly. But how could he sweep spotlights under the carpet, in broken shoes and a hobo outfit: there are no hobos. And no midgets: we are all, comrade, the same height. The options for humor become, shall we say, limited. Contrasts, idiosyncrasies are counterproductive. So Popov juggles.

Some of the acts are unique. Igor Petrukhin and Vladimir Smirnov, built like brick toll booths, juggle tremendous weights. Stanislav Chernykh balances drunkenly on a wavering tower of metal cylinders. The Cossack riders, long retired from the business of running down peasant pedestrians for the czar, gallop in the single ring: horsebackward, sideward, underneath, cape shoulders peaked up like bat wings. The Oskar Ool Troupe is/are rope walkers from Tuva; they apparently symbolize "a variety of skills and pastimes from their homeland such as wool-gathering, harvesting and other time-honored activities." I missed the time-honored wool-gathering; I guess it was there. The Tuva people appear more Chinese than Russian: one remembers, watching them, that this nation is a profound empire. The women tend to be buxom, solid as Russian lady shotputters: full of male hormones. Hair is short. The choreography seems flat, on the imaginative level of a kindergarten London Bridge game, no musical comedy tradition to draw on. But they are human. They throw up the universal circus salute of triumph, arms raised, mouths in a silent oooooh, shilling for their own applause. They want to be loved and praised. And they deserve to be.

The second half is all bears—the most disadvantaged minority group in the world. Valentin Filatov trains them: he looks like a grizzly himself, or a Herblock cartoon of Joe McCarthy, all blue jowls. They amaze. I'd hate to be competing in a job interview with one of Filatov's bears. They juggle, boost and balance each other, play musical instruments, hang by their teeth, ride bicycles, ride even motorcycles. Have you ever

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seen a bear skeleton? Gorillas are not more anthropoidal. Give them an opposable thumb, a Headstart program and they could take us all over. But they won't, not with Filatov in charge. Sit close and the acrid stink of their fear opens your sinuses. Filatov rewards them with sugar and, even rewarding them, he knocks dust from their pelts with his whip. Perhaps I betray my life membership in the Bide-A-Wee Home; I guess one can't reason with bears. But watch through half-closed lids and they seem just another captive nation, Czechs in raccoon coats perhaps. If God had meant bears to ride motorcycles, he would have given them goggles and leather jackets.

Yet they astonish. The whole circus astonishes. The Russians are good. What did you expect? It's the archetypical government of *panem et circenses*. And Richard Nixon supplies the *panem*. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Germans Discovered

First Yale, now Harvard has suddenly discovered that nineteenth-century German art is worth looking at. To nearly everyone outside Germany itself, this comes as something of a surprise, if not shock—for few art-lovers have been aware that there *was* an art in Germany then, let alone that there were great artists who forecast the achievements of the twentieth century.

Recently, however, a kind of underground of artistic Germanophiles has been trying, with some success, to give these unknown masters an airing. This bore its earliest fruit two years ago when the Yale Art Gallery held the first exhibition of nineteenth-century German painting ever seen in this country. Now Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum has organized a major show of German master drawings from the same period. This one will travel to the Metropolitan Museum (December 14 to January 28, 1972), the National Gallery in Ottawa (February 23 to April 1) and the Minneapolis Institute of Art (April 26 to June 3).

The organizers have not tried to cover the entire vast field of German nineteenth-century drawing. Instead, they have deliberately restricted their choice to landscape, portraiture, and historical and religious subjects, omitting illustration and caricature (two fields in which German artists excel), on the grounds that these "might best be served with a survey of their own." One result of this decision is that many important names are left out. Further, because the strong literary bent of German nineteenth-century art is played down, a somewhat flawed view of the period is presented.

With this caveat, however, the show is well worth seeing; even the most casual visitor can hardly avoid the impression that these artists have not, up to now, had the exposure they deserve. The five drawings by Philipp Otto Runge, the early Romantic whose originality rivals that of William Blake, alone make the show a must. *Morning*, one of many studies for the unfinished series *The Times of Day* (intended as a portrayal of man's growth, decay and ultimate redemption), is replete with symbolism. Though Runge probably learned the technique of drawing in outline from the widely circulated designs of his English contemporary John Flaxman, the careful symmetry and elaborate allegory are his alone. That he was not only a theoretician but a close student of nature is evident in another outline drawing of the *Huelsenbeck Children*. Probably no one before Runge (and few afterward, with the possible exception of the twentieth-century Otto Dix) has ever depicted a plumper or uglier baby, or one more closely observed.

Of special interest are the sensitive pencil portraits the Nazarenes, a group of young Germans who congregated in Rome in the years after 1810, drew of one another. Long-haired and open-shirted, they look rather like our own Jesus freaks—and they, too, were in open revolt against their academic elders and even lived in a commune, the Brotherhood of St. Luke. With missionary zeal, they dedicated themselves to reviving German art by resurrecting the ideals and methods of Dürer and the pre-Raphaelites—a program that backfired when, later on, many of them were given respectable official posts in the academies and were responsible for covering German walls with pompous historical murals and stickily sentimental church decorations. But these youthful heads by Overbeck, Cornelius and Fohr show that archaism, per se, does not have to be sterile.

Next to Runge and the Nazarenes, the highlight of the show is Adolf Menzel, painter, water-colorist, book illustrator and consummate draughtsman whose legacy when he died in 1905, aged ninety, included eighty sketchbooks and over four thousand single-sheet drawings. Menzel drew obsessively, in every waking moment, and once remarked to a friend, "To *draw* everything is fine; to draw *everything* is finer!" The five examples in the Harvard show are superb, but they only scratch the surface of Menzel's tremendous range and virtuosity. One hopes a comprehensive survey of this neglected figure will some day be made available to Americans.

While the over-all quality of the show is high, there are, alas, some unfortunate lapses. Karl Blechen, Menzel's gifted Berlin predecessor, is seen in an undistinguished *Ruins of a Gothic Church*, which gives no hint of this artist's sensitivity to air and light, from which Menzel must have profited. It is disappointing, too, that the generally bombastic Munich landscape painter Carl Rottmann is represented only by a typically arid gouache, rather than one of his little-known but amazingly free water-color sketches, almost post-Impressionist in their fluid handling.

The catalog, while nicely printed and illustrated, hardly comes up to the scholarly standards which one has a right to expect from a Harvard project. The bibliographies are sadly incomplete and the individual biographies often show little understanding of their subjects. All in all, however, the good things in this show outweigh the bad. Now the ice has been broken, one hopes we will be privileged to explore the whole range of German art in the nineteenth century in more detail and at greater depth. □

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THEATER

PETER HEPPLE

Rule Nostalgia

London town, doubtless influenced by winds that blow from Broadway and points west, is in the throes of nostalgia. *No, No, Nanette* is not here yet, but former pop impresario Larry Parnes, who has just taken over one of the West End's larger theaters, the Cambridge, says he is trying to get it for us. So, probably, are dozens of others. But in any case the nostalgia syndrome has taken a heavy hold, spurred on partly by "Auntie" BBC, celebrating this year her fiftieth birthday and relentlessly determined to tear away the veil of the years with a grand festival of hindsight—old radio programs at which we marvel we ever laughed, flickering TV reminiscence from the early Fifties, pop songs the banality of which make today's efforts sound like astute social comment.

IN THE playhouse it is just as though Osborne, Pinter and off-Broadway had never existed. Last autumn Sir Noel Coward was king. Back in July the Mermaid, the City of London riverside theater which opened in the Fifties with *Lock up Your Daughters*, a success which, with the exception of *Hadrian the Seventh*, it has never quite repeated, put on, to commemorate some occasion which escapes me for the moment, a compilation of Coward's work which it entitled *Cowardy Custard*. I must admit that I did not find it entirely to my taste, for "the Master" has always seemed to me to be a practitioner of dexterity without heart. But I was obviously in a minority of one, for London has clasped *Cowardy Custard* to its newly nostalgic bosom. So captivated have Londoners and their visitors been by *Mad about the Boy*, *The Stately Homes of England* and various self-congratulatory items about how well London stood up to the blitz that *Cowardy Custard*'s scheduled six-week run was prolonged indefinitely.

In its train followed a major Coward revival—*Private Lives*, which came to the Queen's with a cast headed by Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens, now bidding fair, I fear, to become one of those "Mr. and Mrs." teams in the line of the Lunts. Maggie Smith, in particular, is intensely theatrical in the grand manner, camping it up in a way that makes Gertrude Lawrence look curiously restrained

ANOTHER PLAY which had the manager searching for the "House Full" boards within a few days of its opening is *The Day after the Fair*, bringing Deborah Kerr back to the London stage after an unbelievable thirty years' absence. There is a combination of circumstances here, I feel, led by the Peter Pan qualities of Deborah Kerr herself, ageless, beautiful, elegant, every inch a lady, and the more or less complete antithesis of the dun-colored, doleful-looking creatures, often dressed like a downtrodden Edwardian servant girl, who are the fashionable young ladies around town here at the moment.

The play, based on a long short story by Thomas Hardy, is hardly worth writing home about, let alone to the United States, but at least it does tell a tale and boasts, in addition to Deborah Kerr's serenity and charm, a luminous performance by Julia Foster, one of England's most outstanding young actresses.

Time and Time Again, which replaced the marathon-running *There's a Girl in My Soup* at the Comedy, also looks a likely stayer. It is written by Alan Ayckbourn, a playwright whose plots are instantly forgettable but who has the virtually unique knack of creating an atmosphere of anticipatory pleasure, usually justified, in the theater itself. Tom Courtenay, who has almost cornered the market in portrayals of ineffectual but engaging young men—strange when once one thought of him as a potentially great dramatic actor—plays another of life's losers.

Of course, we could have several more boffo successes with which to entice the new year's main crop of transatlantic tourists—and I don't mean things like *Mother Earth*, an "environmental revue," more strictly an ecological effusion, which returned quietly to the ground from which it sprang. We will even have a new theater—the New London, which showbiz czar Bernard Delfont is opening this month to brighten up the top end of the gloomy Drury Lane district. Possible confusion with the already existing New Theater in St. Martin's Lane has prompted the Alberys, the owners of the present New, to rename the theater after themselves.

My prediction as to the play of most interest to Americans, however (the odds being definitely on its running at this time next year, and conceivably the year after), is *Crown Matrimonial* at the Haymarket. It should perhaps be explained that until recently the Lord Chamberlain's ukase over the London theater prevented any depiction of living persons. (He also prevented nudity but we may have got that out of our system now.)

NOW IT looks as though we may be in for a royalty cycle, for *I and Albert*, dealing musically with the home life of our own dear late Queen Victoria, is just about to open at the time of writing. *Crown Matrimonial* could well have been advertised in the style of a sensational tabloid—"What was the truth about King Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson?" "What was Queen Mary really like?" "See the inside of Marlborough House."

That it has not been is a tribute to the good taste of the management and author. Though everyone knows how the story of Abdication will end, *Crown Matrimonial* packs a fair measure of argument and suspense, not to mention fascinating speculation, into its length. Wendy Hiller's makeup as Queen Mary is so good as to make the more impressionable spirits gasp and Peter Barkworth, as the late Duke of Windsor, conveys the waywardness of the man with warmth and sympathy. Its only really controversial point is the portrayal of the present Queen Mother as something of a sharp little shrew. But perhaps this is a sharp little shrewd commercial touch. □

D. Keith Mano *discusses the decline of left-wing radio next issue. . . .* **Ruth Berenson** *commutes between European museums and American art galleries. . . .* **Peter Hepple** *is editor of* The Stage, *a British publication devoted to the lively arts.*

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BOOKS

Between the Idea and the Reality...

Eisenhower and the American Crusades
By Herbert S. Parmet
Macmillan, 660 pp., $12.95

RICHARD J. WHALEN

The Eisenhower Presidency lies on the far side of the gulf that has opened in American life since the mid-1960s. It happened in another country, now wrapped in the haze of nostalgia. The Fifties seem in retrospect almost a golden age of calm and stability, a time when conventional values enjoyed authority and the square majority was unselfconscious because its ascendancy seemed ordained and unassailable. Our memory of Ike is similarly selective and mellow. We recall his comforting homilies and affirmations but forget his sunny duplicity. We grieve for an irretrievably lost social cohesion and cultural consensus but do not blame the Chief Magistrate who reigned while America decayed from within. We resist drawing the connection between the complacent emptiness of the Fifties and the violent nihilism of the Sixties.

In some measure, of course, our reluctance to assign blame to Eisenhower is justified. He did not impose himself upon us; we demanded him. Quite remarkably, he left the White House more well loved than when he entered it. In spite of health, age and the constitutional proscription, the American people would have elected him again if they could.

Eisenhower regarded the Presidency as the climactic obligation in a lifetime of duty, and he occupied it with the serenity of a man already certain of his place in history. When the former President retired to Gettysburg, the door of his office at a nearby college bore five stars, and he preferred to be addressed as "General," which reveals something of his personal sense of precedence and accomplishment.

PROFESSOR Herbert S. Parmet has written the first major study of the Eisenhower Presidency, a massive and richly detailed work. The focus, long overdue, is on the politician beneath the non-politician's image. Only in recent years, thanks to the insight of Murray Kempton and others, have we come to appreciate Eisenhower's mastery as a manipulator of men and their motives. In the starving, pre-World War II Army, the amiable politician in uniform rose spectacularly by, among other things, conning the civilians, and his skill in this direction grew with the requirements of his subsequent career.

In his preface, Parmet records that he twice voted for Adlai Stevenson, which establishes his perspective and thesis as standard liberal. Given his point of view, he is fair enough in his treatment of unsympathetic figures, particularly the then-Vice President Nixon, who emerges from this account more favorably than from the memoirs of such Eisenhower-era colleagues as Sherman Adams. But the drawback in the liberal view of Eisenhower is that it justifies settled opinions among liberals and conservatives alike.

Thus, in his closing lines, Parmet offers this estimate of Eisenhower: "To label him a great or good or even a weak President misses the point. He was merely necessary." From the liberal point of view, it was necessary for a Republican President to ratify the New and Fair Deals and confirm Truman's internationalist foreign policy.. It was necessary for a "conservative" President to define his credo essentially as continuity, more prudent management of prevailing assumptions, policies and programs. In this respect at least, Nixon has proved himself Eisenhower's true heir.

PARMET, for his own reasons, amply confirms the complaints raised from the conservative Republican side that such a course "betrays" the party's principles and blights its fortunes—by which test, again, Nixon marches in Eisenhower's footsteps. Parmet credits Eisenhower with "the leashing of the powerful ultra-conservative momentum within the Republican Party," and declares that Republican conservatives and their Southern Democratic allies "could have made much more of a substantial inroad under a more sympathetic GOP President." This is sweet, self-excusing music to the ears of right-wing Republicans.

But why did Eisenhower run away from his belatedly chosen party? By temperament and inclination, he was more conservative than liberal on issue after issue. He did not, however, think about politics that way. He thought about the political process in terms of men, sorting them into the timeless categories—winners and losers. The General, after all, had survived and risen through the Army's command ranks by cultivating the winners (George C. Marshall) and shunning the losers until he could climb over their bodies. Who, really, could fault his negative judgment on the lieutenants of Robert A. Taft and their ability to wield power and govern the country? (The story, perhaps apocryphal, is told of the Republican senator, accustomed to the role of senior minority member

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of his committee, who went to his Democratic friend, the chairman, following the 1952 Republican capture of the Senate, and asked, with due humility, if he would explain the mechanics of introducing a bill, just in case.)

THE POINT need not be labored. Since the early 1950s, at the presidential level of American politics, the tendency of the electorate—except for 1964, when Goldwater ran against History—has been steadily rightward. Yet the putative leaders of organized conservatism have consistently proved incapable of giving this popular impulse intelligent, effective expression in Washington. The vacuum left by Nixon's defeat in 1960, when he tried to sell the country Eisenhowerism without Ike, remained for him to reclaim eight years later. And the conservatives who had never trusted him twice bent their knees before his throne, for want of men of the first-rank to lead them—men whose competence to govern could not be questioned. Conservatives, it appears, are suited to opposition.

When we reconsider what Eisenhower did and failed to do, assisted by Parmet's impressive work, we are bound to confront not only his shortcomings but our own as well. He gave the country perhaps less than it might have accepted of conservatism, but more than would have been offered by alternative leaders available to the Republican Party. What the majority of Americans wanted then, they still want—*not* to be sloganized and manipulated, but well and truly led. Eisenhower remains to be studied by a scholar of conservative inclination, whose task should be to explore not merely the dead end to which the middle of the road led, but the sad, potentially tragic absence of acceptable alternative routes for America. □

Richard J. Whalen *is the author of* Catch the Falling Flag: A Republican's Challenge to His Party. . . . **Don Crinklaw** *reviews fiction for* NR *and the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch. . . . **Stefan T. Possony** *is a Senior Fellow of the Hoover Institution.* . . . Sturgeon Is Alive and Well *is Ted's latest in a distinguished writing career.*

Transparent Things
By Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, 104 pp., $5.95

The Lost Ones
By Samuel Beckett
Grove, 63 pp., $4.95

The Burning
By Jack Cady
University of Iowa, 157 pp., $5.95

TESTS TO PASS

DON CRINKLAW

What has happened to Vladimir Nabokov and Samuel Beckett? In the past ten years they have so hammered away at their reputations that the reader begins to doubt his memory of their triumphs. How could the glittering *Lolita* have led to such a clinker as *Transparent Things*? Were there hints in *Waiting for Godot* that the shrill tedium of *The Lost Ones* would follow? The old masters have taken to sending out cryptic messages from their private worlds: not books to read, but tests to pass. Young Jack Cady writes with none of their authority, but his book is the only one of the three that doesn't leave the reader with a feeling of being taken, a bad taste in the mouth.

Transparent Things tells of one Hugh Person, a middle-aged American whose job as editor for a publishing house sends him roaming through the U.S. and Europe. On one trip to Switzerland he meets and marries the beautiful Armande, and brings her back to America. They are unhappy: Armande talks on the phone while they make love, and cuckolds him repeatedly. Murder follows, as do prison, insanity and annihilation by fire.

Now reviewing has to stop and explication begin. Hugh Person, the professional reader, becomes you, person, the reader. Hugh's largest task is editing the work of an expatriate writer known only as "R." The initial becomes a multilingual pun on the Russian pronoun "I" and, sure enough, Nabokov peers through the comments on R's "surrealistic novels of the poetic sort," written in "a luxuriant and bastard style." For a while the games are fun, but they cloy quickly; Nabokov shows little interest in the story of Hugh and Armande and R; they are only constructs who sink under the legerdemain they were meant to support, and one must stop reading and begin, impatiently, to solve anagrams.

Nabokov's language can still dazzle, the "bastard style" a wonderful amalgam of sensuousness and precision. To see through his eyes is often to learn sightedness all over again, as in his description of a Swiss ski slope: "The glaze of the upper runs, the blue herringbones lower down, the varicolored little figures outlined by the brush of chance against the brilliant white." But the baroque style too often decays into rococo excess: a color photograph celebrates "the vivid vestiture of her adolescent molts." Sometimes he turns into James Gould Cozzens: "The never deceived expectancy of the dazed ecstasy."

Transparent Things is Nabokov's homage to the only gods he acknowledges: language and memory. These interest him now more than all the prosy stuff of the conventional novel, and it's too bad. Without it, the book is mannered and aimless.

The Lost Ones can be recommended only to those who have a special affinity for Samuel Beckett; others may find its 63 large-print pages 'way too many, and wonder what might have become of the gifted Irishman if he hadn't fallen in with the French absurdists). The book is an extended metaphor of the human condition: two hundred people are trapped "inside a flattened cylinder fifteen meters round and eighteen high." Light comes and goes and the temperature slides from unbearable heat to unbearable cold. Sex is painful and since crowdedness gives no room to lie down, rest is impossible.

It's Beckett's message—life is awful, hope is a lie, and there's nothing to be done about it—and once he could deliver it with wit and style. The years have stripped these away, and he resembles now an illusionist with only one trick in his act. After we've seen it once and gotten the point, only Beckett fans might want to watch it again.

The title story in Jack Cady's collection, "The Burning," contains the unstable combination of mawkishness and raw talent that makes his first book so promising, and so irritating. The story tells of a grisly highway accident which imprisons a trucker inside his burning cab. Cady spends several pages describing the scene, his writing is understated and matter-of-fact, and the cumulative

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effect is terrific. A bystander attempts to put the driver out of his misery, and as Cady contemplates the mercy-killer the style switches to sentimental-pretentious: "Manny was sitting in his own fire, burning because he was kind, because he was gentle." Perhaps this is Cady's attempt to show an inarticulate man struggling with strong emotions, but similar humbug mars other stories: a crowd moves "like a current washing through valleys toward a vast and distant sea."

The fourteen stories are wildly unlike in style and content. "Ride the Thunder" is a horror story—and a good one—with religious and psychological overtones: a man with Indian blood is slaughtered by the animal gods he renounced when he "turned white." "The Art of a Lady" is a sly corn-pone comedy about a woodcarver whose portraits reveal unsuspected things about their subjects: "He did one of Pop in mahogany. . . . The color of the wood got to him and he made the nose a little flat. Nobody had ever noticed the resemblance before."

Mr. Cady has been badly served by his editors. They might have brought some order to the story-sequence, since the welter of styles makes the book a jumble. And they might have persuaded him to cut the "literary" stuff—the stories that aim at high seriousness are the least effective. When Cady settles into yarn-spinning his stories have the humor and comfortable mastery of Faulkner or Steinbeck, and it's good to see their sort of talent reappearing. □

Commissar, The Life and Death of Lavrenty Pavlovich Beria
By Thaddeus Wittlin
Macmillan, 566 pp., $12.95

DARK SIDE OF THE PLANET

STEFAN T. POSSONY

Among the monsters of the twentieth century, Beria occupies a special place. Unlike Hitler and Stalin, he was perfectly sane and businesslike. Unlike Himmler, he was intelligent and courageous, and unlike the psychopaths who preceded him as bosses of the secret-police, he was a real master of his craft. A virtuoso terrorist, Beria broke the chain of mass purges which nearly ruined the regime. The "purger of purgers" continued, of course, to kill systematically and purposely, but he didn't spend thousands of rubles to send victims to die slowly in faraway camps: a man could be liquidated immediately at three kopeks per bullet and no further expense.

Beria's life is a model for making it in a dictatorship run by a hate-ridden paranoiac. An ideological and moral cynic, he practiced all types of intelligence and infiltration operations. Like Stalin, he served as an agent of the czarist *Okhrana*. A consummate flatterer and a successful "suppressor" of the bourgeoisie, he attracted Stalin's attention when he was still in his twenties. Scheming constantly to eliminate competitors, he was nearly always able to strike first, and by removing witnesses who knew about Stalin's past, he helped consolidate the dictator's position. He fabricated for Stalin a fictitious biography of the *vozhd*'s early years and supervised the production of an equally fictitious but famous *History of the CPSU*. The ideas and manipulations he volunteered from the distant Caucasus were tactically so clever that Stalin decided his fellow Georgian was the best man to run the MVD.

Beria was a natural-born psychoanalyst who understood all the traumas and hopes of his boss. After he was ensconced in the Lubyanka, he worked ever harder on feeding Stalin's megalomania and his multiple hates. He deliberately kept alive and stimulated Stalin's fears about plots and assassination attempts and succeeded in aggravating the dictator's mental disorders, rendering him increasingly unfit to rule.

But Beria was becoming too powerful, and the operation almost backfired. Stalin abandoned himself to an anti-semitic rage which hit Beria indirectly: on his mother's side, Beria was partly or fully Jewish. He was also threatened more directly. His power bases in Transcaucasia and Czechoslovakia were broken through purges (the Mingrelian and Slansky affairs). His position in the Soviet security machine was weakened by overloading him with jobs, especially in the atomic field. Molotov, Mikoyan, Voroshilov, Kaganovich and Khrushchev were all in trouble, but Beria realized that the extensive purges which Stalin was preparing in 1952 were primarily aimed at him. Stalin's sudden death saved him.

The mysteries of Stalin's demise remain unexplained. Wittlin suggests that when "the right and perhaps the only moment came," Beria may have hit him with a blackjack. "Did Beria seize this chance? Nobody can tell for certain." Wittlin's explanation seems to be better than other versions, but it is a pity he does not plead his case more convincingly. The negative evidence of Moscow's persistent silence is enough to sustain the belief that Stalin's departure from the CP paradise was accelerated.

Wittlin has done an outstanding job in story-telling. His solidly grounded and extensive knowledge is derived from personal experience, conversations in the Vortuka camp, interviews and systematic reading of Soviet and Western sources. The appendices supply considerable documentation. This eye-opener of a book is required reading for all those who care to understand Soviet Communism.

Wittlin, however, neglects several major mysteries. What was Beria's role during the period of close collaboration between Stalin and Hitler? What exactly were the contacts with the Nazis of Beria's men who ran the Soviet embassy in Berlin? Did the Beria group really warn Stalin about the impending attack against the USSR? Did Beria fall for a Nazi deception? Did he convince Stalin that the USSR was in no danger? On June 22, 1941, Stalin prevented the Red Army for five long hours from returning fire: Had Beria anything to do with this disastrous decision? Wittlin ignores the entire complex (this reviewer published a five-part analysis of it in *Ukrainian Review*, 1969-1970).

There are other unexplored or insufficiently explored areas. What was the nature of Beria's secret negotiations with the United States during the spring of 1953? What was his role in the Berlin uprising of June 1953?

Wittlin returns to ample documentation with Beria's death, showing that, after almost twenty years, the Soviet government dares not tell the truth about it. Although the deepest secrets of the Stalin-Beria story are still to be explored, Mr. Wittlin has been a successful sleuth and has enriched our knowledge of modern history. □

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SCIENCE FICTION

The Iron Dream
By Norman Spinrad
Avon, 95 cents

The Early Asimov
Doubleday, $10

The Stars in Their Courses
By Isaac Asimov
Ace, $1.25

Of Time and Space and Other Things
By Isaac Asimov
Lancer, $1.25

Building Blocks of the Universe
By Isaac Asimov
Lancer, $1.25

The Gods Themselves
By Issac Asimov
Doubleday, $5.95

The Astounding/Analog Reader, Vol. One
Edited by Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss
Doubleday, $7.95

Perchance to Dream
Edited by Damon Knight
Doubleday, $5.95

A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with Don Juan
By Carlos Castaneda
Pocket Books, $1.25

Another Roadside Attraction
By Tom Robbins
Ballantine, $1.50

Darkening Island
By Christopher Priest
Harper, $4.95

PEAKS AND BEACONS

THEODORE STURGEON

I must open with a personal note. I have been absent from these pages too long. Now, as a practiced writer of fiction I expect, generally, to be believed. The facts in this case, however, quite surpass credibility, and I will not strain yours. Suffice to say, then, that I regret the silence and you may expect to see more of me.

The hiatus has one virtue. In scanning the long list of reportable books, one finds the mass receding and the peaks and beacons standing out. Books of lasting value show themselves, therefore, even through my metaphors.

The year's tour de force—in a year which gave us Farmer's extraordinary *Lord Tyger* and Effinger's mad *What Entropy Means to Me*, as well as a couple of Barry Malzberg's salt-and-sour amazements—is *The Iron Dream*, by Norman Spinrad. An atrociously bad book, it was written in six weeks or so by a German, né Austrian immigrant, who fled to this country as a youth, learned the language, and became a hack science-fiction writer. The occasional flashes of raw power in this gory, almost sexless book are probably more the result of the author's psychopathology than of any innate mastery of the craft—or at least, so says critic Homer Whipple in an erudite essay on the book and its author, whose name was Adolf Hitler. If it comes to you that Mr. Whipple and Mr. Hitler are inhabitants of a closely parallel universe, you may well be right. Mr. Whipple hints at what sort of a world he lives in; Mr. Hitler screams out what sort of a world he wishes he lived in. It's a really rotten book. And brilliant. And certainly unique. By all means get it. You'll know it by the original title page, *Lord of the Swastika*, reproduced inside after the one Mr. Spinrad uses on the cover. Mr. Whipple's comments follow the main narrative.

ISAAC ASIMOV is a science writer of the very first rank, and a natural interface between the deep mysteries of the inner sancta and the general, intelligent public. I know of no occasion when he has been denigrated, seriously challenged, or faulted by a hardcore scientist. As a science-fiction writer, a member of that extraordinary elite discovered and developed by the late John W. Campbell Jr. in sf's so-called Golden Age (1939-1941), Asimov has also remained in the very top ranks. He writes with humor and with force, and a fine lucidity, and he writes so *much*—so very much that one tends not to review him, because everyone knows Asimov, and besides, there'll be another book along in a few minutes. He published his hundredth book on his fiftieth birthday; the current total is 131 and rising. A worthy one to own is *The Early Asimov*, not only for its cargo of fine, mostly traditional sf (almost all of his output from 1940 to 1948) but for the biographical interlineations. A meticulous diarist, Asimov has a record of the genesis of each of these stories and novelettes (and an unbelievably delightful "scientific" paper called "The Endochronic Properties of Resublimated Tiotimiline," which deals with a substance so very soluble that it goes into solution before you add water, and which was taken seriously by a good many chemists and physical chemists who should have known better), and can report the date that each work was written, what revisions were done, when it sold and for how much. In addition, he draws a fine and poignant portrait of the brilliant teen-ager, enamored of science fiction, working out of his father's Brooklyn candy store to build his two towering careers, to get himself educated and degreed (he is *Doctor* Asimov) and through a war and into his pre-eminence. It's a big book—540 pages—and it makes you pleased that it is so.

Asimov as science writer is readily available in such books as *The Stars in Their Courses* and *Of Time and Space and Other Things*, two collections of the short pieces which have, for years, been appearing in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. They cover a score of scientific disciplines and are stitched through with the Asimov humor and a certain amount of well-structured and sturdy opinion and touchingly human glimpses of early science and scientists. *Building Blocks of the Universe*, long out of print, is a guided tour through the periodic table, from Elements 1 through 102, with something about the nature and history and isolation of each of them. They are what everything is made of—planets and people and stars—and have the most intimate relationship to everything we are and do and read off that frightening fine print on the food we buy. These three books make bedside treasure-boxes and could hardly be recommended highly enough.

ASIMOV's first novel in fifteen years is *The Gods Themselves*. It is interestingly structured in three self-supporting parts, two of which deal with the inner machinery of the ego-game as it is played in the scientific-technological community; for there is a force at work

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Economists Peter Passell and Leonard Ross challenge the no-growth votaries in *The Retreat from Riches* (Viking, $7.95). . . . Irene Gendzier's *Frantz Fanon* stresses his work at the mental hospital he headed in Algeria (Pantheon, $10). . . . Farrar, Straus has rushed Solzhenitsyn's *Nobel Lecture* into book form ($4; paperback, $1). . . . Nora Sayre's essays, *Sixties Going on Seventies*, includes her report on a Birch convention (Arbor House, $8.95). . . . Ex-*Newsday* editor Bill McIlwain reports on how he was able to bid *A Farewell to Alcohol* (Random, $4.95). . . . Mario Pei updates his critique of how we abuse words in his latest, *Double-Speak in America* (Hawthorn, $6.95). . . . *Contra Marcuse* by *NR* contributor Eliseo Vivas now out in a Delta paperback ($2.45). . . . Hard to guess from advance notices what slant Bert Cochran adopts in assessing *Harry Truman and the Crisis Presidency* (Funk & Wagnalls, $10).

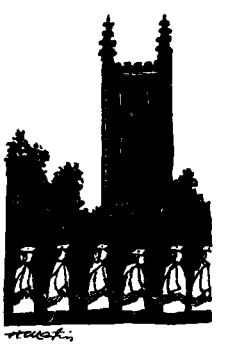
■ PUBLICATIONS. Paid circulation for a variety of news and opinion journals, with figures nearest to filing date in fall 1972: *American Mercury*—12,000; *American Opinion*—41,000; *Atlantic*—347,000; *Battle Line* (American Conservative Union)—46,000; *Catholic Currents*—3,000; *Commentary*—60,000; the *Critic*—29,000; *Esquire*—1,263,000; *Forbes*—626,000; *Harper's*—337,000; *Harvard Business Review*—131,000; *Human Events*—80,000; *National Catholic Reporter*—41,000; *National Observer*—508,000; *National Review*—112,000; *New Guard*—9,000; *New Republic*—118,000; *Newsweek*—2,669,000; *New Yorker*—476,000; *New York Review of Books*—90,000; *Psychology Today*—758,000; *Review of the News*—39,000; *Saturday Review*—775,000; *Time*—4,333,000; *Triumph*—9,000; *Twin Circle*—76,000; *U.S. News*—1,946,000; *Washington Observer*—11,000; *Washington Report* (American Security Council)—96,000.

■ FEBRUARY TITLES: Reprinted again in an Image paperback, Chesterton's *Orthodoxy* ($1.25). . . . Another paperback, a collection of 35 essays from the early 1970s edited by *NR* contributor David Brudnoy: *The Conservative Alternative* (Winston, $3.95). . . . John Lahr's *The Autograph Hound* is a novel about some of the eccentrics who congregate—still—around Times Square (Knopf, $6.95). . . . Back in print: Constantine FitzGibbon's novel about a Communist takeover, *When the Kissing Had to Stop* (Arlington, $7.95). . . . Robert Rutland's *The Newsmongers* is a history of American journalism (Dial, $12.50). . . . Orson Welles fans might not agree that Pauline Kael keeps dipping *Deeper into Movies* (Little, Brown, $11.95). . . . Donald Smythe's *Guerrilla Warrior* is a life of Pershing (Scribners, $10.95).

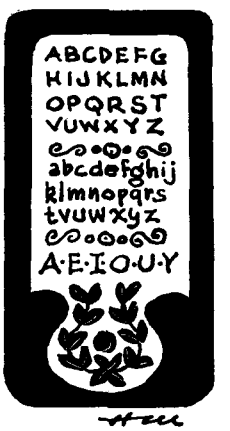
there quite as strong as any other in the cosmos, dealt with by inventiveness and the most measured care, and that is stupidity. And, of course, greed. The book contains as fine a view of day-to-day life in a Moon colony as I have ever read, for it gives a clear view of something so often overlooked—the changing psychological set of the second- and third-generation Moon resident. The middle section is an examination of life not only on another planet, but in another universe in which the very laws of energy and entropy are different, to say nothing of the biology of a three-sexed, multistaged, single species of life. And here too, stupidity holds sway and is the declared enemy. A good book.

THE *Astounding/Analog Reader* is another big one, and as Volume One promises us another like it. Like *The Early Asimov* a tribute to John Campbell, it gives us generously of the high points of Campbell's editorship from 1932 to 1946 (one of which is Asimov's classic "Nightfall") and has the full flavor of the early Campbell years. Some of these stories seem quaint and all of them, to these addicted eyes, are nostalgic, but for the first-time reader there will be many an excitement and much evocation of the sense of wonder. Fredric Brown, Clifford Simak, Alfred Bester, Murray Leinster and Campbell himself (as Don A. Stuart) are represented here with some of their very best and most memorable.

DAMON KNIGHT, a most literate writer himself, has a special talent for finding and packaging well-written, well-structured stories. He has taste and excellent judgment, and in his "theme" anthologies never commits the anthologists' atrocity killing a surprise ending by the inclusion of a story whose surprise is precisely that theme. (I recall one which used both "The Man Who Liked Children" and "Two Bottles of Relish" in a collection of cannibal stories.) *Perchance to Dream* is an anthology of stories about dreams and dream worlds, and although some will be familiar to you ("Incident at Owl Creek Bridge," for example) where around your house can you lay hands on it, or Aiken's strange "Mr. Arcularis"? There are dreams by Jorge Luis Borges, Somerset Maugham and John Collier, and one I never saw before by Dostoevsky, and others; a nice book to have around.



PERHAPS NOT, in the strictest parametrics, belonging in this department are two books simply too fine not to recommend, both now available in paperback. *A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with Don Juan* is not so much sequential as overlapping or retrospective of Carlos Castaneda's first book about his encounters with the Yaqui Indian who so broadened and deepened his perspectives and understanding. These books are quite unlike anything else written in our time, and are profoundly germane to it. Despite the limitless horizons and opportunities presented to us in outer space, it remains my conviction that there is far more to be done in and with what might be called inner space. Castaneda and his mentor show us a way (not *the* way; there is no "the" way and never was) and where other ways may lie. Unless and until we come to an understanding of, and terms with, ourselves, no interplanetary empires can serve us well. The other book which has exhilarated and enchanted me is *Another Roadside Attraction*, by Tom Robbins. A most unusual novel, or maybe fable, it contains some of the loveliest, some of the most shocking, and some of the most thought-provoking episodes I have ever encountered. It's about gypsies and kidnaping and sensuality and philosophy and love and religion and hot dogs and the Vatican, and a rather large number of other things. Robbins writes with cadence and color, and is a name to watch out for. He has extruded so much of himself into this remarkable volume that one must wonder if he is a one-shot author; and one devotedly hopes not.



And I have a book which troubles

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Some say subsidized books never get major publicity. Here's a recent sampling of Exposition Press activity—

- **Sports Illustrated** gave all its book review space in the October 2, 1972 issue to praising **Baseball's Great Tragedy: The Story of Carl Mays** by Bob McGarigle.
- **McCall's Needlework & Crafts** (circulation 1.8 million) gave feature treatment to **Backyard Vegetable Gardening** by Hugh Wiberg. The book has also received nationally distributed reviews from Christian Science Monitor News Service, The Washington Post Syndicate, and three other syndicates.
- We broke three nationally syndicated stories in two months on **Age Without Fear** by 91-year-old Charles Degen. Mr. Degen was a repeat guest on Chicago's Kennedy at Night and appeared on one of New York's top TV talk shows.
- We arranged fifteen top TV and radio talk-show appearances for Dr. Doris Dickens, author of **How and When Psychiatry Can Help You.** Not only did the appearances sell books, but they brought Dr. Dickens more new patients than she could handle.

In the past few months, too, we've gotten national wire or syndicated stories on our books on business, health, religion, pets, and Americana.

For authors of scholarly books, we perform the important task of getting their work before influential review media and selection committees. Our 35 years of experience in publishing over 500 scholarly titles has produced a growing level to sales and adoptions to colleges, boards of education, libraries, professional groups, and a growing lay market.

WE ADVERTISE OUR BOOKS

We've taken large ads (many full pages) in **The New York Times Book Review, The National Observer, Book World,** and **New York Review of Books** in addition to ads in dozens of specialized publications for our religious, pet, Americana, sports, political, how-to, and academic books.

3 SUBSIDIARY RIGHTS

We pursue subsidiary sales opportunities relentlessly. We recently sold the British reprint rights to a book published fifteen years ago!

Of course, the sale of rights on current books are handled even more aggressively. One leading paperback house bought rights to four of our titles within a three-month period. Another house bought two titles for paperback reprint at the same time. In the past twelve months, we've also sold rights to seven of our titles to foreign publishers.

4 TOP PUBLISHING PROS

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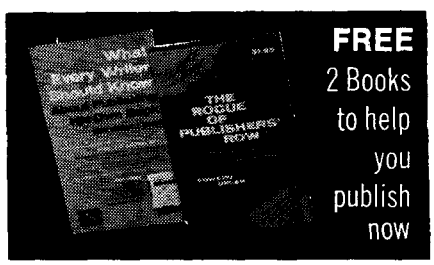
Headed by Publisher Edward Uhlan, Exposition's staff includes a number of "top guns" who recently switched from major trade houses to us—among them Samuel H. Post, formerly editorial vice-president of Bartell Media Corporation, and Naomi Rosenbach, mainstay in Crown Publishers' editorial department for 15 years.



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1972 SUCCESS STORIES

- **Movie option sold on novel about mysterious ape man.** George Spota Productions bought the film rights to **The Strange Case of Big Harry,** a novel by Frosty Johnson, just two months after publication.
- **Walden Book Stores places large initial order for poetry book. The Seasons of Our Minds** by Ian Michaels was bought for distribution and display to over 200 Walden Stores.
- **Doctors receive $10,000 advance on nutrition book.** We sent Drs. E. Cheraskin and W.M. Ringsdorf, Jr., $10,000 as an advance against sales on their book, **New Hope for Incurable Diseases.** Now in its fifth printing, the book was chosen as a Prevention Book Club Selection. Paperback rights were sold to Arco Books for a $5,000 advance. Just 15 months after publication, 249,000 copies were in print.
- **Minister earns $3,000 advance before book is published.** A direct mail campaign on **A Search for Christian Identity** by Dr. O.C. Plumb helped sell 2,000 copies of his book before publication date.
- **Cookbook author gets $4,000 advance.** Constant promotion plus advertising in selected newspapers and magazines gave Kay Shimizu, author of **Asian Flavors,** now in its second printing, a $4,000 advance on sales, plus a constantly growing number of new students for her cooking classes.

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me deeply, I think primarily because I am appalled by its subject matter and find myself thinking it might go away if I don't talk about it—which appalls me even more; it's a strictured posture I was certain I wasn't capable of. The subject is African immigration into the British Isles—not the inward passage of passport-holders honored by the authorities (however reluctant) who assume the responsibility for an ordered absorption, but in a way and to a degree in which everything breaks down. The book is *Darkening Island* by English novelist Christopher Priest, who makes the situation mentioned above particularly clear in one scene: a ship without colors, responding to no signals, comes bumbling up an English estuary, crashes into a bridge, and drifts helpless into the shore, whereupon hundreds and more hundreds of starving, disease-ridden black refugees come tumbling over the side, where some drown and some don't, some are rounded up and some aren't, the latter trudging out and away over the countryside. Aboard are yet hundreds more, sick, dying and dead, men, women and children. The book is interestingly structured, a cohesive narrative having been cut into segments and shuffled, but Priest has a special talent for cutting each section off at a moment of high suspense and, when coming back to it, paying off. There is a helpless, Greek tragedy flavor to the book; nobody is able to do anything about a situation which has deteriorated to the point where nobody can do anything. There are interesting, scalpel-slash insights in the book: where hardship uncovers principle here, and destroys it there; where the doughty English capacity for making-do devolves into doing nothing; where groups are able to encapsulate themselves into tiny business-as-usual enclaves, and others organize into nomadic tribes with a regular ten-month circuit by which they may live off the land but never be where the authorities can find them. Then, the authorities may be army, say; but perhaps it is that part of the army which has defected to the invader, or perhaps it is the authority of a local demagogue . . . all in all, a downturned, unsettling, well-wrought book, and another powerful proof of one of the many functions of speculative fiction. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS BOOK, *by Arlene Croce (Outerbridge, 191 pp., $9.95).* Fred and Ginger puzzle. Objectively, their movies are sheer twilp—yet even as we are about to give up in despair, they begin to dance and—hold it!—we are riveted, moved. They weren't the greatest dancers of their day; still . . . they were the greatest dancers-together. Miss Croce has devoted more time and attention to Them than most of us have to spare. Her loving appreciation sparkles with insights: Other dance musicals were story films with dances; Astaire's and Rogers' were dance films with stories, in which the dances are something special and apart. She evokes (so that we may know what to look for next time) "their smooth, informal, light objectivity," and describes how in their films "dancing was transformed into a vehicle of serious emotion between a man and a woman." What gets to us, I suppose, is that Astaire and Rogers were lovers "whose love scenes were their dances." Complete details of all the productions; lots of pictures and, in the corners of the pages, photo sequences that, when flipped through rapidly, bring Astaire and Rogers to life.

C. H. SIMONDS

THE NEW FEDERALISM, *by Michael D. Reagan (Oxford, 175 pp., $5.95).* "In Siam," says the King in *The King and I*, "we have a new form of democracy called absolute monarchy." In the U.S., says Prof. Reagan, we have a new form of federalism called "permissive federalism." He likes it because it strips states of anachronistic "rights" while "permitting" them to implement grants-in-aid in accordance with federal guidelines. In Reaganese, the "new" federalism permits "appropriate state-local inputs to [sic] the details of program implementation." Appropriate? Details? Implementation? This is permissiveness? Reagan rejoices that we have come a long way from the point where states had rights regarding the formulation as well as implementation of significant policies. His only fear (groundless, I fear) is that revenue sharing may retard our progress toward a "unitary state": "The founding fathers were willing to change the style of government from the Articles of Confederation of 1787 when it became clear that different times demanded different rules of governance. Should we be less bold than they?" No, we should not. But Reagan's idea of boldness is to continue our forty year trot toward a bland leviathan. It would be bolder—and wiser—to reconsider the many virtues of the Confederation.

G. F. WILL

THE STEPFORD WIVES, *by Ira Levin (Random House, 145 pp., $4.95).* Two of Levin's earlier novels, *A Kiss before Dying* and *Rosemary's Baby*, rate among the best thrillers of the past few decades. This one, however, doesn't make it. After four months in the New York suburb of Stepford, talented, intelligent women intent on careers suddenly metamorphose into docile super-housekeepers straight out of the TV ads. Why? Chemicals in the Stepford water supply? Strange operations performed in the sinister Stepford Men's Association hall? Or is it . . .? But there's no need to spoil Levin's plot here. You can't. He does it himself, and at the end of the novel you still don't know why. But no doubt some bright script writer will straighten that out, for if ever a book were aimed straight at the movies, this is it. The chapters are extremely short and scenic. The characters are always arranged as if for the camera, with the frontal development of each of the wives a focal concern, their resources amply suited for display by Hollywood's finest. (One of the more voluptuous of the wives is pointedly compared to Raquel Welch in several places.) A bust of a novel, but it'll make good busty cinema.

J. R. COYNE JR.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, *by Quentin Bell (Harcourt, 314 pp., $12.50).* A superb biography. Quentin Bell writes with that grace, wit and economy Englishmen seem to master so effortlessly, and, as befits his literary heritage, he handles the biographic material brilliantly. Virginia Woolf herself and the entire Bloomsbury circle (or circles) cease to be bloodless abstractions and emerge as the vibrant and talented individuals they were. Even Leonard Woolf, despite his tiresome Fabian socialism, is infinitely sympathetic, hardly the case in his own autobiography (only the Webbs remain adamantly boring). But the focus is securely on Virginia—her gaiety, her beauty, and her tragic genius. Nothing is withheld but the biographer has brought to his objectivity a novelist's sense of pace and significant detail. He has wisely eschewed cluttering up his portrait with critical appraisals of her work, thus neatly sidestepping both the "intentional fallacy" and psychoanalytic claptrap. The genesis of much in her works is clear from this satisfying recreation of her life. Excellent photographs of all the principals, too.

E. B. MEYER

THE CLOCKS OF COLUMBUS: *The Literary Career of James Thurber, by Charles S. Holmes (Atheneum, 360 pp., $10).* More, really, than you ever wanted to know about Thurber—the whole life and *oeuvre*, cut up and neatly arranged, and delivered in solemn professorese. Holmes loves Thurber not wisely but too thoroughly; he would have his reader do the same. Myself, I'll take the short pieces, leave the goddam fairy tales alone, and continue to regard Thurber as all in all an unattractive genius. Like Beethoven.

F. CORK

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Ezra Pound

1885-1972

The Pound Era
Hugh Kenner
(Winner of the Christian Gauss Award)
1971 $14.95

A ZBC of Ezra Pound
Christine Brooke-Rose
1971 $7.95

The Poetry of Ezra Pound
Forms and Renewal, 1908-1920
Hugh Witemeyer
1969 $6.50

New Approaches to Ezra Pound
A Co-ordinated Investigation
of Pound's Poetry and Ideas
1969 $8.50

A Guide to Ezra Pound's "Personae" 1926
K. K. Ruthven
1969 $8.50

The Annotated Index to the Cantos of Ezra Pound
Cantos I-LXXXIV
John H. Edwards and William W. Vasse
1957 $12.75

The University of California Press
Berkeley Los Angeles New York

LANDAU

(Continued from page 87)

lesser and who was born alive, dying a few hours later, would have an estate.

The issue is complicated by the fact that "birth" itself is not a precisely defined moment in time. How would the court cope with a case involving a fetus that was alive on leaving the birth canal but which died before the umbilical cord was cut? Was it "born"? Was it ever a "person"? At precisely what point does a fetus become a person? When it crowns? When it cries?

At no point in its decision did the court come to grips with the core of the difficulty: Conception, fetal development, birth, life and death are not distinct historic episodes, but are instead vaguely defined and over-lapping segments of a continuum. At some point a fetus is not viable, and at some point it is. At some point it is unborn, and at some point it is born. The moments of transition are murky. Life tends to be untidy.

The court, however, accepted the defense argument. But the judge's preference for what he called an "easily administered rule" is surely not compelling; if we were governed in every aspect of our civil lives by that principle, we could dispense with lawyers and judges.

The second argument—over what is a person—comes even closer to confronting the abortion issue. The question of whether or not the word person includes fetus can be argued semantically, but that path is not very fruitful. The plaintiffs chose another course, a course that may possibly have implications for the abortion controversy.

In their brief, the plaintiffs referred to a dissenting opinion filed in a recent and similar case in Michigan. One of the appellate judges there pointed out that the state and federal courts have for years struggled with the meaning of the word person as it is used in the Bill of Rights. Did the word, for example, apply to a convict? an alien? an Indian? a black? The rights of each of these to be considered a person has at one time or another been challenged, and in every case the courts have turned aside the challenge and applied the word, and the rights, to the person. The Michigan judge then pointed out that even corporate entities are considered persons entitled to the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment. If an inanimate entity like a corporation or a labor union can be a legal person and there-

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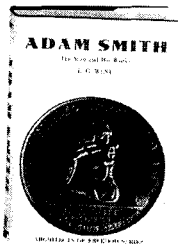

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fore guaranteed equal protection under the law, why not a fetus, he asked. The dissenting Michigan judge then cited a Supreme Court decision to show that the Fourteenth Amendment applied to children as well as to adults, and wondered why an unborn child who is no less human than one already born should be denied equal protection of the law. He concluded:

> To say that one may kill some human beings—those who have been born—and be held responsible under the law, and that one may kill other human beings—those who have not been born—and go free, is a denial of equal protection of the laws and ought not to be condoned by any court.

The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court chose to ignore the "equal protection" argument. Some day, however, if a case of this sort should find its way to the United States Supreme Court on the question of the applicability of the Fourteenth Amendment to unborn children, the decision might be fraught with meaning for the abortion controversy. Theoretically, of course, it would be possible to apply the word person to fully formed and viable fetuses, while denying the status implicit in that word to the not-yet-viable fetus or the embryo that precedes it. But what would we then say of trauma suffered by an embryo who lives long enough to become a person and then dies? Had *he* no right to life?

And, if he did, what then shall we make of abortion "reform"? □

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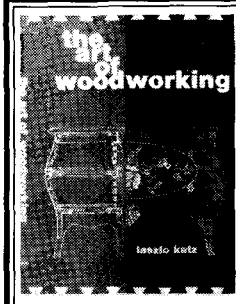

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Parable for Our Time

On The Right

New York, Jan. 4—The outburst against the renewal of the bombing of North Vietnam was of course to be expected. It is depressing just the same, and particularly depressing that Mr. Nixon receives so little of the vociferous support to which he is entitled not only here, but in those many foreign countries that are hostage to American constancy. In an ordered world, the protests abroad would issue against an American President who turned over a little ally, after years of struggle, to a well-oiled aggressor. The headlines suggest the contrary, and it is time I think to pay attention to, and profess our respect for, the Communist propaganda machine. It is quite remarkable what it succeeds in doing—in inducing others to do. And of course the pay-off is in such crises as the current one, in which one reads and hears only denunciations of American policy, nothing about the actions of the government against which that policy is directed.

To judge the lengths of Communist propaganda success, consider in cameo a recent venture by Pastor Ralph D. Abernathy. He is, of course, President of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the chosen successor to the towering Martin Luther King. Dr. Abernathy understands himself as speaking for the black people of America, and for all Christian Americans.

So he undertook a two-day visit to East Germany. That visit is a parable for our time.

East Germany is the eastern part of the country against which we fought a world war. It was occupied by the Soviet military in the spring of 1945, and a puppet government was installed. They were all cruel, those postwar East European governments whose leaders and policies were specified by Josef Stalin, but it was generally conceded that East Germany's was the worst. The proconsul, Walter Ulbricht, survived Stalin by many years, and he ruled with the lash. His weakness was that Germans with the spirit to want to leave, and the means and courage to do so, began to leak out of the country, and by 1960, they were coming out in floods, attracted to the prosperity and freedom of West Germany. At this point Khrushchev ordered the Great Wall to be built, which remains the great symbol of Communist achievement on earth: keep the people in, or they'll go over to the non-Communist world. Standing under the shadow of the Wall in 1961, President John F. Kennedy shouted out the words: "I am a Berliner."

Dr. Abernathy, recalling the incident, closed his speech in East Germany by saying, "President Kennedy once said in West Berlin that he was a Berliner. I want to change that and say: I am a citizen of the German Democratic Republic." The formal name given to the occupied territory of Germany is an exquisite affront on language. It is not truly German, but Soviet-occupied. It is not democratic; and it is not a republic. A more precise description of the area in question would be: the Soviet Colony in Germany.

And then Pastor Abernathy said about the slave state which honored him: "Every minute of my stay in your wonderful country was filled with joy and valuable political experience. I go back to my country the richer for having learned to know and appreciate the German Democratic Republic." He goes back to a country a lot less convincing as an apostle of justice and freedom, having learned to appreciate a slave state.

BUT THE worst was yet to come. They gave him a medal, of course. And on receipt of it, Dr. Abernathy said: "There is one thing you must know. There will be dirt on this medal, for I shall wear it in prison and fighting in the streets. You can be sure of this, that I shall always be worthy of this honor and shall not disappoint you."

Ralph Abernathy, enemy of tyranny, racism, imperialism, war and indignity. It is as if the American director of the Anti-Defamation League had taken a decoration from Hitler, and pledged himself on his return to America not to let Hitler down in the fight for race relations.

Things are that bad, and one worries about it when making available the weapons of war to a beleaguered people to defend themselves against an enemy which occupies a part of their country, it is *we* who are cast into ignominy. Look what they did to Ralph Abernathy. It was much better in the good old days, when they could make people talk like that only after forty or fifty days of torture. No one reading *Darkness at Noon* would understand it these days. What on earth was Rubashov troubled about? Why was he so uptight? □

THE END OF VIETNAMIZATION

New York, Jan. 6—The sharpening criticism of our bombing of military targets in the North brings up the metaphysical weakness of Vietnamization. That weakness is the suggestion in it of trickery, of the use of semantical devices to obscure essential relationships: of the resort to a factitious nomenclature for the sake of trying to give substance to a phony set of arrangements.

A genuine Vietnamization would give to the South Vietnamese the means of carrying on the war in their own self-defense with reference only to those military limitations the United States would inflict on itself. That means, in effect, withholding from the South Vietnamese nuclear weaponry. But nothing short of that.

The whole world is heavily mobilized to criticize the "American" decision to resume the bombing. Mr. Nixon did nothing to conceal that it was an American decision. In fact, it should have been a Vietnamese decision. When the negotiations in Paris broke down, it was South Vietnam that was once again endangered. It was accordingly South Vietnam that should have made the critical decision to resume the bombing. Granted, under existing circumstances, the bombs, the bombers and the bomber pilots would necessarily be American (for the most part); but they should be viewed as technicians, put at the disposal of the South Vietnamese, for limited purposes. Eventually, the men themselves would be replaced by Vietnamese pilots, even as the American helicopter pilots have been substantially replaced. When that transformation had

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taken place, the South Vietnamese would have direct control over United States airplanes even as the North Vietnamese have direct control over Russian tanks and Russian anti-aircraft equipment.

This is the missing dimension in Vietnamization. On the one hand the concept is approved on all sides, except by those who simply want to abandon South Vietnam. On the other hand, critics of Mr. Nixon charge that the idea is essentially phony: the United States, they say, is in fact in charge of the war, and Thieu is our puppet.

A COUPLE of years go by and, under Vietnamization, in fact United States troops are reduced by almost 95 per cent. And on a couple of crucial matters, it is demonstrated that Thieu is not our puppet. But on the matter of the bombing, as of the naval blockade, it is clearly the United States, not Saigon, that makes the decisions. Why? Because the bombers and the bomber pilots are ours to command. Why? Well, because we just aren't in the business of turning bombers and bomber pilots over to another government to direct. Why?

True Vietnamization would demand exactly that, subject as I say to the over-all limitations imposed on the use of American matériel. The bombers should be leased to the South Vietnamese, and pilots should be recruited as mercenaries, the cost obviously borne by us, even as the Russians bear most of the cost of provisioning the aggressive legions of the North. Hard to do, granted, but worth it. In due course the world would no more have held the United States responsible for the bombing of Hanoi than it seems to hold Russia responsible for the Northern assault on Hué. It did not take Thieu long to establish that he is not our lackey. It would not take long for the South Vietnamese to establish that they are running their own military show.

And if they were, who would raise his voice to criticize their bombing of Hanoi? Let the keepers of pure democracy disdain the pedigree of President Thieu—so what. Who ever elected Charles de Gaulle to lead the Free French? They can write their books and make their speeches, but in fact Thieu is the de facto head of a country resisting naked aggression financed by two major Communist powers and we are pledged and repledged, under Vietnamization, to give them the tools to do the job.

It is too late for Mr. Nixon to turn to his advantage at this juncture the appeal of a true Vietnamization, but not too late for him to go through the very real motions of sharing authority with Saigon, on the way to giving Saigon the principal tactical authority over the use of such military weapons as are needed to accomplish the objective. Meanwhile, an adjustment in the rhetoric is overdue: it is the South Vietnamese, in effect, who are hitting the North Vietnam military bases. We are merely surrogates in the operation. That is the meaning of Vietnamization. □

THE STUDENTS: WHAT IS THEIR PROBLEM?

New York, Dec. 30—I spotted the scholarly and irrepressible Anthony Burgess, the English novelist-essayist-fantasist (author of *A Clockwork Orange*, among other things), giving advice publicly to his students (he is visiting America, teaching at the City College of New York). And what he said to the students, among other things, was: "I would ask you only to expand your vocabularies, develop a minimal grace of style, think harder, and learn who Helen of Troy and Nausicaä were. And for God's sake, stop talking about relevance. All we have is the past."

Mr. Burgess was musing about the college students he comes in contact with, at a university that practices an open admissions policy. Mr. Burgess was tactful about the whole thing, but he gave away his meaning, which is that the adulteration of education results in phony education. And when that happens, what you develop is new universities. When egalitarian ideology overtakes these, then "super-universities will be built"; and after that, "super-super-universities . . . This can go on forever. Ultimately, the gods of learning are not mocked. The term 'university' may be rich in noble connotations, but it means only what we want it to mean."

Professor Burgess gave an example of a student essay of Macbeth to which soon he must give a pass mark: "Lady Mackbet says she had a kid not in so many words but she says she remembers what it was like when a kid sucked her tit so I reckon she was a mother some time and the kid must have died but we dont hear no more about it which is really careless of Shakesper because the real reason why Mcbeth and his wife are kind of restless and ambitious is because they did not have a baby that lived and perhaps this is all they realy want and S. says notin about it."

Mr. Burgess provokes us by juxtaposing against that passage one from another student, presumably in the same class, whose grade—one assumes—is going to be indistinguishable from that of the young man who penetrated to the heart of Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth's difficulty. The other student wrote: "The weakly placed negatives in Dr. Faustus' penultimate line—'Ugly hell, gape not, come not, Lucifer'—may conceivably be taken as expressive of a desire, not implausible in a Renaissance scholar, to dare even the ultimate horrors for the sake of adding to his store of knowledge."

Now hang on to the point for a minute, please, and reflect on one of the recommendations of Mr. Burgess. He believes that "the division between a scientific discipline and a humanistic laxness is already manifesting itself in undergraduate lifestyles. The banner-waving students who hold protest meetings are merely indulged. They will, regrettably perhaps, never rule America; America will be controlled by the hard-eyed technicians who have no time for protest."

WE SHOULD shrug off those intimations of that passage that fuel the superstition that we are being managed by a military-industrial complex. (It would appear plain that this is not the case.) But one hears plaintively the call of Mr. Burgess to his students to "expand" their vocabulary. I note among the Christmas advertisements lying around, one for a new radio receiver: "There's 150 watts IHF power, a loudness compensating switch, power output/heat sinks, IF/FM/multiplex decoder, FM muting, FM Stereo."

Now, the advertising agency that wrote those words is not putting on the dawg. It is, as they say, "communicating." It is communicating, one supposes, not only to the "hard-eyed technicians" who are getting educated in the colleges, but to students in general. It is not afraid to use words and terms which are demanding—I, for instance, deficient in the appropriate education, do not have the least idea what the manufacturer is talking about—"power output/heat sinks" indeed! Lady Macbeth was never so inscrutable.

The moral is that the resistance to a rich vocabulary is inconsistently exercised. When the talk is of scientific or mechanical things, the public is altogether acquiescent to strange and minutely differentiated terms. Is this what Mr. Burgess is saying, namely that the difficulty of making distinction in human and social affairs leads people to Tarzan-talk in the classroom, the same people who can talk to the hifi people with maximum scientific sophistication? Worth musing, between the holidays. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Taxes generated by this fictional character once paid salaries of all U. S. senators — 64 175 36 29 52 151

B. Town in Prince William County, Va. — 71 127 161 77 55 44 8 24 1

C. An intoxicant — 81 30 37 68 89 110 113 177 3 51

D. What the skunk will never be — 83 16 91 59 152 176 157

E. Former heavyweight champion's first name — 93 99 140 78 25 31

F. A posture in ballet — 106 132 34 9 178 21 4 146 46

G. Hungarian statesman for whom Iowa's "double-county" was named — 142 28 79 171 101 116 133 147 180 5 70 75

H. Unscramble UNION CHIPS — 20 39 120 149 172 85 92 124 32 138

I. Bombastic — 2 6 33 66 14 27 80 88 13

J. A rule of procedure for solving a mathematical problem that frequently involves repetition of an operation — 26 38 96 67 10 165 104 117 134

K. Something small, delicate, and exquisitely wrought — 50 41 145 118 143

L. Conventional requirements as to social behavior — 60 73 135 122 119 100 154 166 109

M. A source of information or authority — 74 162 47 125

N. A vine that grows on campuses—sometimes poisonous! — 102 23 45

O. To dominate from an elevated position — 7 11 19 40 48 87 94

P. An instrument recording respiratory movements (often on the left!) — 111 35 57 82 95 155 160 169 131 105

Q. An English king known as *Ironside* — 126 61 49 141 42 168

R. An Indian tribe located in Arizona and New Mexico (one of two spellings) — 136 43 62 181 17 98

S. A square-dance partner — 148 84 130

T. Examined and judged — 156 158 114 56 18 150 139 167 97

U. Scored, as in a game — 179 153 173 164 108 63 121

V. The French use a four-letter word for this establishment — 115 15 58 128 137 159 174 22 54 69 76

W. Rapturous delight — 129 182 103 107 72 144 90

X. Part of an intercommunication system — 65 53 123 112 12 183 170 86 163

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 108 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 B	2 I	3 C		4 F	5 G	6 I	7 O	8 B		9 F	10 J	11 O	12 X	13 I		14 I	15 V
16 D		17 R	18 T	19 O	20 H	21 F		22 V	23 N	24 B	25 E		26 J		27 I	28 G	29 A	30 C
	31 E	32 H	33 I		34 F		35 P	36 A	37 C	38 J	39 H	40 O	41 K	42 Q	43 R	44 B	45 N	
46 F	47 M	48 O	49 Q		50 K	51 C		52 A		53 X	54 V	55 B	56 T	57 P	58 V	59 D	60 L	61 Q
	62 R	63 U	64 A		65 X	66 I	67 J	68 C	69 V		70 G	71 B	72 W	73 L		74 M	75 G	76 V
	77 B	78 E	79 G	80 I	81 C		82 P	83 D	84 S	85 H	86 X	87 O		88 I	89 C	90 W		91 D
92 H	93 E		94 O	95 P	96 J		97 T	98 R	99 E	100L	101G		102N	103W		104J	105P	106F
107W		108U	109L		110C	111P		112X		113C	114T	115V	116G	117J	118K	119L	120H	121U
	122L	123X	124H	125M	126Q		127B		128V	129W	130S		131P	132F	133G	134J	135L	136R
137V	138H	139T		140E	141Q	142G	143K	144W		145K	146F	147G	148S		149H	150T	151A	152D
153U	154L		155P	156T	157D		158T	159V	160P	161B		162M	163X	164U	165J	166L	167T	168Q
	169P	170X	171G	172H	173U		174V	175A	176D	177C	178F	179U	180G	181R	182W	183X		

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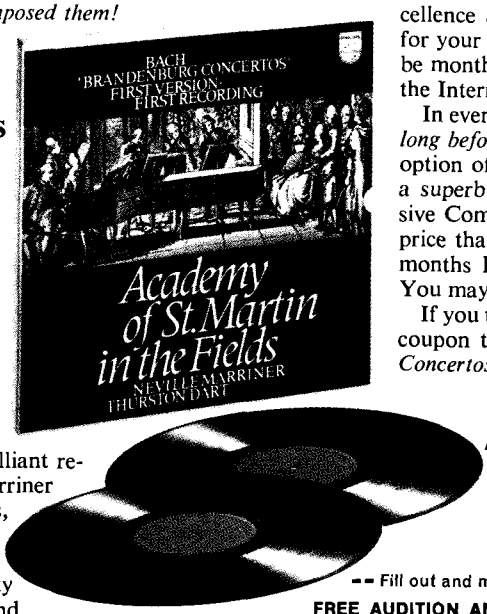

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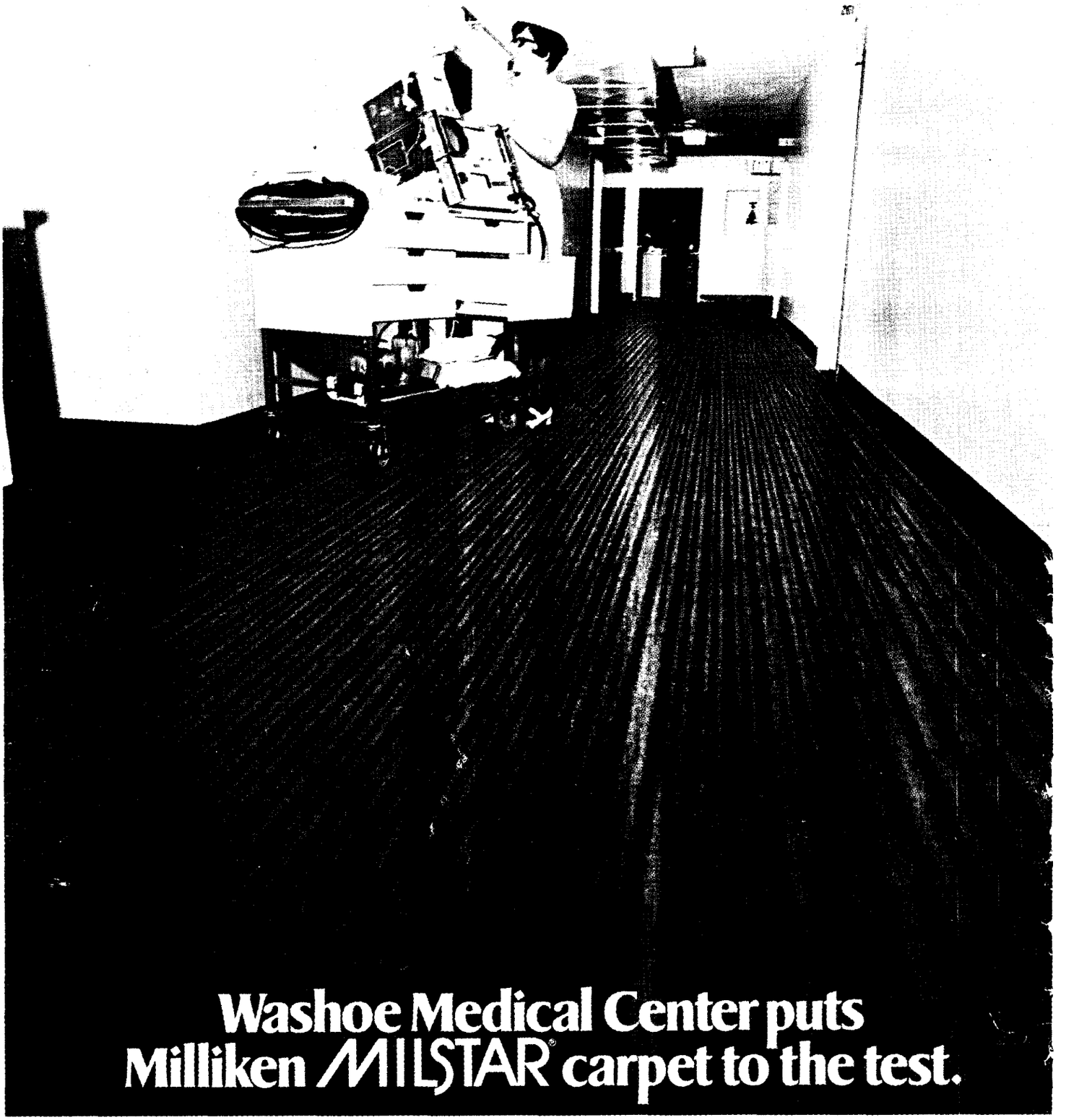

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